

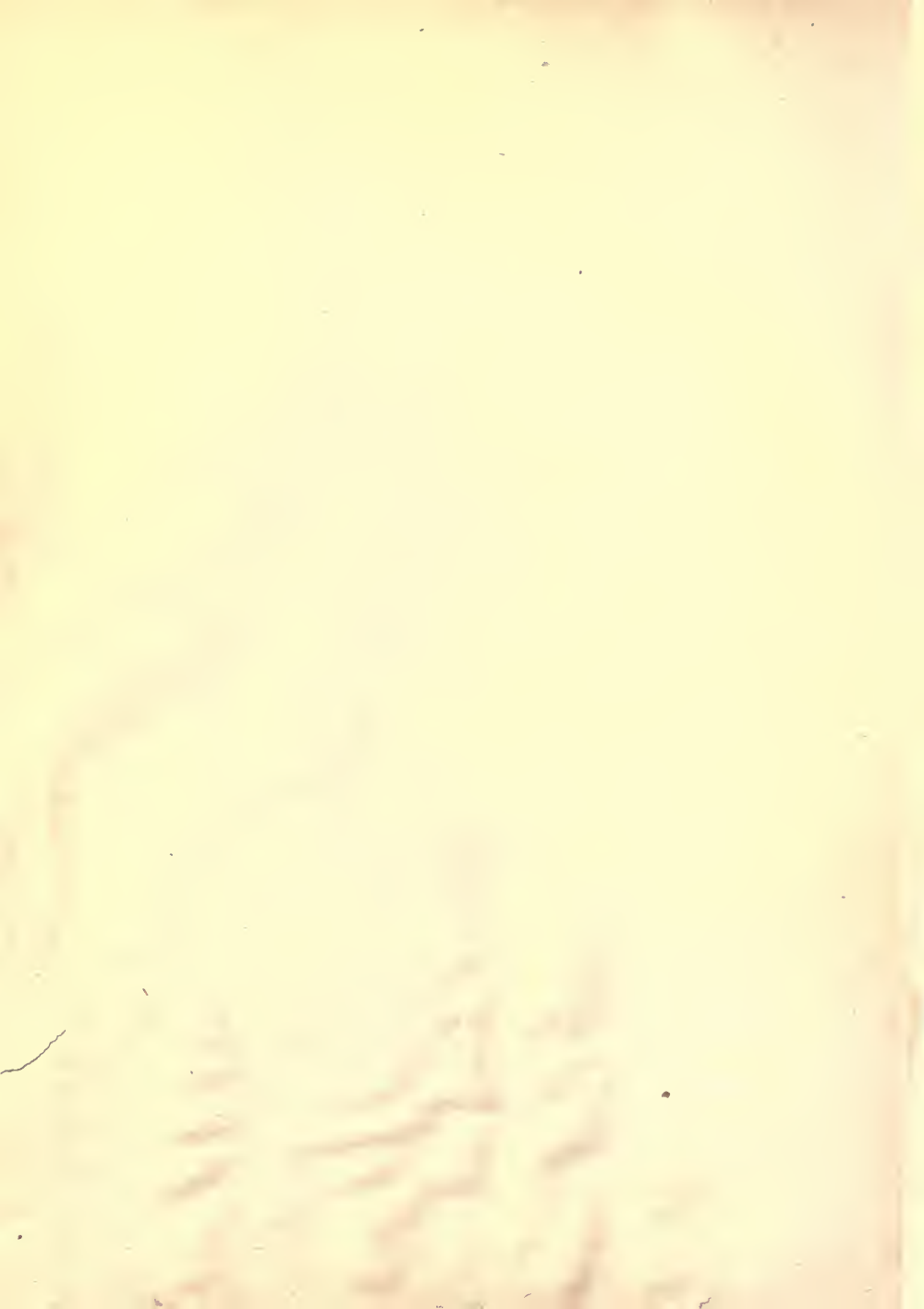
IN MY NURSERY





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IN MY NURSERY.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"THE JOYOUS STORY OF TOTO," "TOTO'S MERRY WINTER," ETC.



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To my Mother,

JULIA WARD HOWE.

*Sweet! when first my baby ear
Curled itself and learned to hear,
'Twas your silver-singing voice
Made my baby heart rejoice.*

*Hushed upon your tender breast,
Soft you sang me to my rest;
Waking, when I sought my play,
Still your singing led the way.*

*Cradle songs, more soft and low
Than the bird croons on the bough;
Olden ballads, grave and gay,
Warrior's chant, and lover's lay.*

*So my baby hours went
In a cadence of content,
To the music and the rhyme
Keeping tune and keeping time.*

TO MY MOTHER.

*So you taught me, too, ere long,
All our life should be a song, —
Should a faltering prelude be
To the heavenly harmony;*

*And with gracious words and high,
Bade me look beyond the sky,
To the Glory throned above,
To th' eternal Light and Love.*

*Many years have blossomed by:
Far and far from childhood I;
Yet its sunrays on me fall,
Here among my children all.*

*So among my babes I go,
Singing high and singing low;
Striving for the silver tone
Which my memory holds alone.*

*If I chant my little lays
Tunefully, be yours the praise;
If I fail, 't is I must rue
Not t' have closelier followed you.*

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IN MY NURSERY.

IN MY NURSERY.

IN my nursery as I sit,
To and fro the children flit :
Rosy Alice, eldest born,
Rosalind like summer morn,
Sturdy Hal, as brown as berry,
Little Julia, shy and merry,
John the King, who rules us all,
And the Baby sweet and small.

Flitting, flitting to and fro,
Light they come and light they go :
And their presence fair and young
Still I weave into my song.
Here rings out their merry laughter,
Here their speech comes tripping after :
Here their pranks, their sportive ways,
Flash along the lyric maze,
Till I hardly know, in fine,
What is theirs and what is mine :
Can but say, through wind and weather,
They and I have wrought together.

THE BABY'S FUTURE.

WHAT will the baby be, Mamma,
(With a kick and a crow, and a hushaby-low).
What will the baby be, Mamma,
When he grows up into a man?
Will he always kick, and always crow,
And flourish his arms and his legs about so,
And make up such horrible faces, you know,
As ugly as ever he can?

The baby he may be a soldier, my
dear,
With a fife and a drum, and a rum-
tidy-tum!
The baby he may be a soldier, my
dear,
When he grows up into a man.
He will draw up his regiment all in
a row,
And flourish his sword in the face
of the foe,

Who will hie them away on a tremulous toe,
As quickly as ever they can.





The baby he may be a sailor, my dear,
 With a fore and an aft, and a tight little craft.
 The baby he may be a sailor, my dear,
 When he grows up into a man.
 He will hoist his sails with a "Yo! heave-ho!"
 And take in his reefs when it comes on to blow,
 And shiver his timbers and so forth, you know,
 On a genuine nautical plan.

The baby he may be a
 doctor, my dear,
 With a powder and pill,
 and a nice little bill.
 The baby he may be a
 doctor, my dear,
 When he grows up into
 a man.



He will dose you with
 rhubarb, and calomel
 too,
 With draughts that are
 black and with pills
 that are blue;
 And the chances will
 be, when he's finish-
 ed with you,
 You'll be worse off than
 when he began.

The baby he may be a lawyer, my dear,
 With a bag and a fee, and a legal decree.
 The baby he may be a lawyer, my dear,
 When he grows up into a man.
 But, oh! dear me, should I tell to you
 The terrible things that a lawyer can do,
 You would take to your heels when he came
 into view,
 And run from Beersheba to Dan.



BABY'S HAND.

LIKE a little crumpled roseleaf
It lies on my bosom now,
Like a tiny sunset cloudlet,
Like a flake of rose-tinted snow ;
And the pretty, helpless fingers
Are never a moment at rest,
But ever are moving and straying
About on the mother's breast :
Trying to grasp the sunbeam
That streams through the window high ;
Trying to catch the white garments
Of the angels hovering by.
And as she pats and caresses
The dear little lovely hand,
The mother's thoughts go forward
Toward the future's shadowy land.
And ever her anxious vision
Strives to pierce each coming year,
With a mother's height of rapture,
With a mother's depth of fear,
As she thinks, "In the years that are coming,
Be they many or be they few,
What work is the good God sending
For this little hand to do ?

Will it always be open in giving,
And always strong for the right?
Will it always be ready for labor,
Yet always gentle and light?
Will it wield the brush or the chisel
In the magical realms of Art?
Will it waken the loveliest music
To gladden the weary heart?
Will it smooth the sufferer's pillow,
Bring rest to his aching head?
Will it proffer the cup of cold water?
By it shall the hungry be fed?
Oh! in the years that are coming,
Be they many or be they few,
What now is the good God sending
For this little hand to do?"

Thus the mother's anxious vision
Strives to pierce each coming year,
With a mother's height of rapture,
With a mother's depth of fear.
Ah! whatever may be its fortunes,
Whatever in life its part,
This little wee hand will never loose
Its hold on the mother's heart.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

My own little beautiful Baby,
You're weeping most bitterly, dear!
There'd soon be a lake, if we treasured
Each sweet little silvery tear.

A lake? Nay! an ocean of sorrow
Would murmur and sigh at your feet,
And you would be drowned in your tear-drops,
My own little Baby sweet.

But, darling, as in the wide ocean
The divers plunge boldly down,
And bring up the radiant pearl-drops
To set in some royal crown,

E'en so from the sea of your sorrow,
This dolorous "fountain of youth,"
Will come, ere a week be over,
A little wee pearly tooth.

And then the tears will all vanish,
Dried up by the sunshine of smiles;
And we'll have back our own little Alice,
With her merriest frolics and wiles.

And whenever you laugh, my Baby,
Through all your life's happy years,
You'll show us the radiant pearl-drop
That you brought from the ocean of tears.

JOHNNY'S BY-LOW SONG.

HERE on our rock-away horse we go,
Johnny and I, to a land we know,—
Far away in the sunset gold,
A lovelier land than can be told.

Chorus. Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

The gates are ivory set with pearls,
One for the boys, and one for the girls:
So shut your bonny two eyes of blue,
Or else they never will let you through.

Chorus. Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

But what are the children all about?
There's never a laugh and never a shout.
Why, they all fell asleep, dear, long ago;
For how could they keep awake, you know?

Chorus. When all the flowers went niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
When all the flowers went niddlety nod,
And all the birds sang by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

And each little brown or golden head
Is pillowed soft in a satin bed, —
A satin bed with sheets of silk,
As soft as down and as white as milk.

Chorus. And all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
And all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

The brook in its sleep goes babbling by,
And the fat little clouds are asleep in the sky;
And now little Johnny is sleeping too,
So open the gates and pass him through.

Chorus. Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

BABY'S VALENTINE.

VALENTINE, O Valentine,
Pretty little Love of mine;
Little Love whose yellow hair
Makes the daffodils despair;
Little Love whose shining eyes
Fill the stars with sad surprise:
Hither turn your ten wee toes,
Each a tiny shut-up rose,
End most fitting and complete
For the rosy-pinky feet;
Toddle, toddle here to me,
For I'm waiting, do you see? —
Waiting for to call you mine,
Valentine, O Valentine!

Valentine, O Valentine,
I will dress you up so fine!
Here's a frock of tulip-leaves,
Trimmed with lace the spider weaves;
Here's a cap of larkspur blue,
Just precisely made for you;
Here's a mantle scarlet-dyed,
Once the tiger-lily's pride,
Spotted all with velvet black
Like the fire-beetle's back;
Lady-slippers on your feet,
Now behold you all complete!
Come and let me call you mine,
Valentine, O Valentine!

Valentine, O Valentine,
Now a wreath for you I'll twine.
I will set you on a throne
Where the damask rose has blown,
Dropping all her velvet bloom,
Carpeting your leafy room:
Here while you shall sit in pride,
Butterflies all rainbow-pied,
Dandy beetles gold and green,
Creeping, flying, shall be seen,
Every bird that shakes his wings,
Every katydid that sings,
Wasp and bee with buzz and hum.
Hither, hither see them come,
Creeping all before your feet,
Rendering their homage meet.
But 't is I that call you mine,
Valentine, O Valentine!

THE RAIN.

THE rain came down from the sky,
And we asked it the reason why
 It would ne'er stay away
 On washing day,
To let our poor clothes get dry.

The rain came down on the ground,
With a clattering, pelting sound,
 "Indeed, if I stayed
 Till you called me," it said,
"I should not come all the year round!"



THE little wee baby came tripping
All out of the fairy land,
With a nosegay of fairy flowers
Clasped close in each little wee hand ;

The flower of baby beauty,
The flower of baby health,
And all the blossomy sweetness
That makes up a baby's wealth.

But still he kept sighing and sobbing,
Sighing and sobbing away,
Till I said, "Now what ails my Baby,
And why does he cry all day?"

And he answered, "Oh ! as I came tripping,
I spied a rose by the way :
And on it the loveliest dewdrop
I'd seen since I came away.



“ But as I was stooping to sip it,
A wind came up from the south ;
And it blew my little wee spoonie
Away from my little wee mouth.”

“And what was your little
wee spoonie?

And what does my Baby
mean?”

“Oh! the little wee fairy
spoonie

That was given me by the
queen.

“For whenever a baby leaves her,
The queen she grants him a boon, --
She fills both his hands with flowers,
And puts in his mouth a spoon.

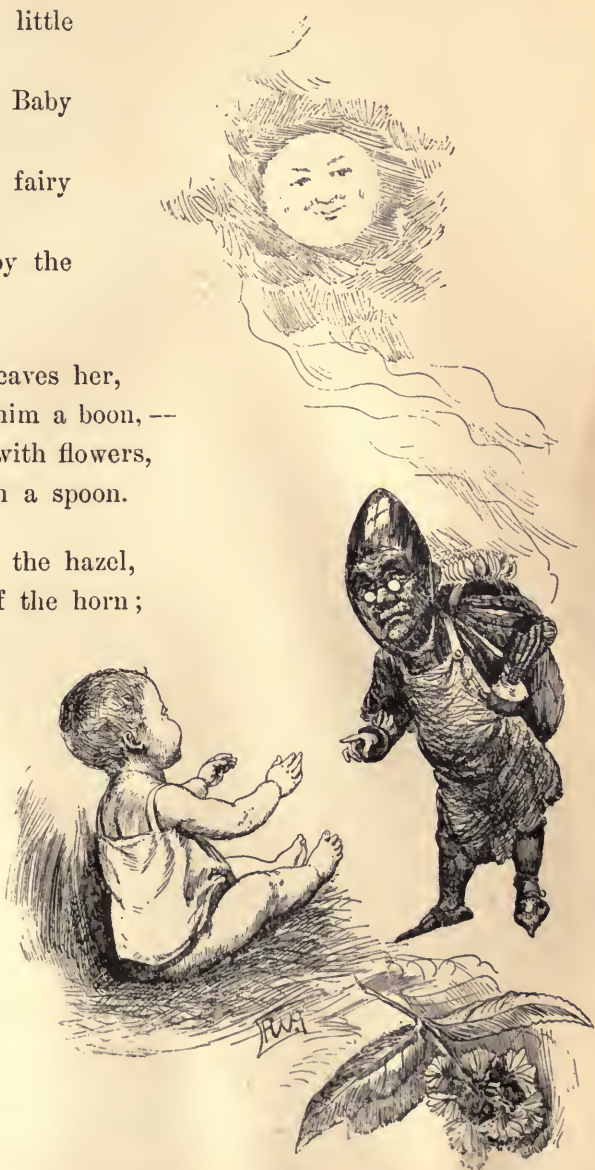
“And some are made of the hazel,
And some are made of the horn;
And some are made of
the silver white,
For the good-luck
babes that are
born.”

“But what are they for,
my Baby?”

“Nay! that part I can-
not tell!

But send for the fairy
Spoonman,

For he knows it all
right well.



“ Oh! the little old fairy Spoonman,
He lives in the white, white moon.
Send a whisper up by a moonbeam,
And he will be down here soon.”

Then I whispered along a moonbeam
That silvered the grass so clear,
“ Oh! little old fairy Spoonman,
Come down and comfort my dear!”

Then something came sliding, sliding
Down out of the white, white moon.
And something came gliding, gliding
Straight in at my window soon.

And there stood a little old fairy,
All bent and withered and black,
With a leathern apron about him,
And a bundle of spoons at his back.

And first he looked at my baby,
And then he looked at me;
And then he looked at his apron,
But never a word spake he.

“ Oh! Spoonman dear,” said the baby,
“ The wind blew my spoon away.
So now will you give me another,
You little black Spoonman, pray?”

“For I did not lose my spoonie,
Nor drop it carelessly;
But a wind came up to my poor little mouth,
And blew it away from me.”

“Now well for you,” said the Spoonman,
“Little Baby, if this be so.
For if you had carelessly lost your spoon,
Without it through life you’d go.

“And well for you, little Baby,
If you know your spoon again.
For but if you know the very same one,
Your asking will be in vain.

“So say: was it made of the hazel,
Or was it made of the horn,
Or was it made of the silver white,
If a good-luck babe you were born?”

“Oh! it was nor horn nor hazel,
But all of the silver bright;
For a good-luck babe I was born indeed,
To be my Mammy’s delight.”

“Then take your spoon, little Baby,
With the fairies’ blessing free,
For the south wind blew it around the world,
And blew it again to me.”

With that he gave to my baby
The tiniest silver spoon.
Then out he slipped in the moonlight,
And we lost him from sight right soon.

Now some may think I am foolish,
And some may think I am mad;
But never once since that very night
Has my baby been cross or sad.

And I counsel all anxious mothers
Whose babies are crying in pain,
To send for the fairy Spoonman,
And get them their spoons again.

SONG OF THE LITTLE WINDS.

THE birdies may sleep, but the winds must wake
Early and late, for the birdies' sake.
Kissing them, fanning them, soft and sweet,
E'en till the dark and the dawning meet.

The flowers may sleep, but the winds must wake
Early and late, for the flowers' sake.
Rocking the buds on the rose-mother's breast,
Swinging the hyacinth-bells to rest.

The children may sleep, but the winds must wake
Early and late, for the children's sake.
Singing so sweet in each little one's ear,
He thinks his mother's own song to hear.

GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

GOOD-NIGHT, Sun! go to bed!
Take your crown from your shining head.
Now put on your gray night-cap,
And shut your eyes for a good long nap.

Good-night, Sky, bright and blue!
Not a wink of sleep for you.
You must watch us all the night,
With your twinkling eyes so bright.

Good-night, flowers! now shut up
Every swinging bell and cup.
Take your sleeping-draught of dew:
Pleasant dreams to all of you!

Good-night, birds, that sweetly sing!
Little head 'neath little wing!
Every leaf upon the tree
Soft shall sing your lullaby.

Last to you, little child,
Sleep is coming soft and mild.
Now he shuts your blue eyes bright:
Little Baby dear, good-night!

ANOTHER "GOOD-NIGHT."

BIRDS, birds, in the linden-tree,
Low, low let your music be!
Bees, bees, in the garden bloom,
Hushed, hushed be your drowsy hum!
Wind, wind, through the lattice waft
Still, still, thy breathing soft!
Flowers, sweet be the breath you shed:
Two little children are going to bed.

Eyes, eyes, 'neath your curtains white,
Veiled, veiled be the sunny light!
Lips, lips, like the roses red,
Soft, soft be your sweet prayers said!
Feet, feet, that have danced all day,
Now, now must your dancing stay.
Low, low lay each golden head!
Two little children are going to bed.

A BEE came tumbling into my ear,
And what do you think he remarked, my dear?
He said that two tens make up a score,
And really and truly I knew that before.



JINGLE.

I JUMPED on the back of a dragon-fly,
And flew and flew till I reached the sky.

I pulled down a cloud that was hiding the blue,
And all the wee stars came tumbling through.

They tumbled down and they tumbled round,
And turned into flowers as they touched the ground.

So come with me, little children, come,
And down in the meadow I'll pick you some.

LITTLE OLD BABY.

LITTLE old baby, pretty old baby,
Screams and cries at his little old bath,
Pours on the head of his little old mother
All the full vials of baby wrath.

Little old baby, pretty old baby,
If you could see just how queer you look, —
Arms and legs in a knot together,
Face twisted up in a terrible crook, —

How you would straighten out every feature,
Masculine vanity all aflame!
Fie! what a noise from a little wee creature!
Did they abuse him! and *was* it a shame!

Little old baby, pretty old baby,
Curls himself over and goes to sleep.
Ah! such is life, my little old baby,
Sleep and forget it, or wake and weep!

BABY'S JOURNEY.

HOPPETY hoppety ho!
Where shall the baby go?
Over dale and down,
To Limerick town,
And there shall the baby go.

Hoppety hoppety ho!
How shall the baby go?
In a coach-and-seven,
With grooms eleven,
And so shall the baby go.

Hoppety hoppety ho!
When shall the baby go?
In the afternoon,
By the light of the moon,
And then shall the baby go.

Hoppety hoppety ho!
Why shall the baby go?
To dance a new jig,
And to buy a new wig,
And *that's* why the baby shall go.

THE BUMBLEBEE.

THE bumblebee, the bumblebee,
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree.
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumblebee, the bumblebee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.



THE OWL AND THE EEL AND THE WARMING-PAN.

THE owl and the eel and the warming-pan,
They went to call on the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man he was not within:
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin.
So they all came back by the way of the town,
And turned the meeting-house upside down.

YOUNG (ONE)'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

"Hi!" said the baby.
"Ho!" said the baby.
"Ha!" said the baby,
"I won't go to sleep!
Naughty old mother,
You make such a potther,
Just for to bother
You, awake I will keep.

"Dance!" said the baby.
"Prance!" said the baby.
"Perchance," said the baby,
"You think I'm a goose.
Vainly you're dreaming
Of rest, and your scheming
To silence my screaming
Is all of no use.

"Sing!" said the baby.
"Ring!" said the baby.
"Bring," said the baby,
"My rattles and toys.
Still I will weep, oh!
Awake I will keep, oh!
Won't go to sleep, oh!
Will make a noise!

"Walk!" said the baby.
"Talk!" said the baby.
"I'll balk," said the baby,
"Your efforts, one and all.

Still I'll be scorning,
When, towards the morning,
Without any warning
Asleep I will fall."

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

LITTLE yellow Sunbeam,
Waking up one day,
Down into the garden
Took her shining way;
Merrily went dancing
Down the morning air,
Shaking out the sparkles
From her golden hair.

Little yellow Sunbeam
Twinkled all about,
Down among the green leaves
Flitting in and out.
Waking up the daisies
From their morning doze,
Ringing up the lily-bells,
Knocking up the rose.

Little yellow Sunbeam,
Climbing up the wall,
On the baby's window
Happened for to fall.
In the little chamber
As she took a peep,
There she saw the Lovely One
Lying fast asleep.

Little yellow Sunbeam
Tripped into the room,
Sweeping out the darkness
With her golden broom.
All the little shadows,
Glimmering and gray,
Gathered up their dusky skirts,
Softly slid away.

Little yellow Sunbeam,
Flitting to the bed,
Merrily went dancing
Round the baby's head.
Suddenly there flashed out,
To her great surprise,
Other little sunbeams
From the baby's eyes.

Little yellow Sunbeam
Said, "How can this be?
Whence these little sparklers
So unlike to me?
Scarce I think they can be
Sunbeams real and true,
For we all are yellow;
These are lovely blue."

Little yellow Sunbeam
Flew back to the sky.
Running to her father,
She began to cry:
"Father, you must vanish!
Run and hide your head!
There's a brighter sun than you
In the baby's bed."

BABY'S BELONGINGS.

HERE are the baby's bonny blue eyes.

What shall we give her to see?

A calico doll and a parrotty poll,

As funny as funny can be.

Here are the baby's little pink ears.

What shall we give her to hear?

A bell that will ring, and a bird that will sing,

And a brook that goes tinkling clear.

Here is the baby's little wee nose.

What shall we give her to smell?

A hyacinth blue and a violet too,

And roses and lilies as well.

Here is the baby's pretty red mouth.

What shall we give her to eat?

A sugary heart and a raspberry tart,

And everything else that is sweet.

And here are the baby's little fat hands.

What shall we give her to hold?

A sunbeam? That's right! and a rainbow bright.

And plenty of silver and gold.

INFANTRY TACTICS.

Present arms! There they are,
Both stretched out to me.
Strong and sturdy, smooth and white,
Fair as arms may be.

Ground arms! on the floor,
Picking up his toys:
Breaking all within his reach,
Busiest of boys.

Right wheel! off his cart,
Left wheel too is gone.
Horse's head is broken off,
Horse's tail is torn.

Quick step, forward march!
Crying, too, he comes.
Had a battle with the cat.
"Scratched off bofe my fums!"

Shoulder arms! Here at last,
Round my neck they close.
Poor little soldier boy
Off to quarters goes.



BABY BO.

FLY away, fly away, Birdie oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo!
Bring him a feather and bring him a song,
And sing to him sweetly all the day long.

Hoppety, kickety, Grasshopper oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo!
Bring him a thistle and bring him a thorn,
Hop over his head and then be gone.

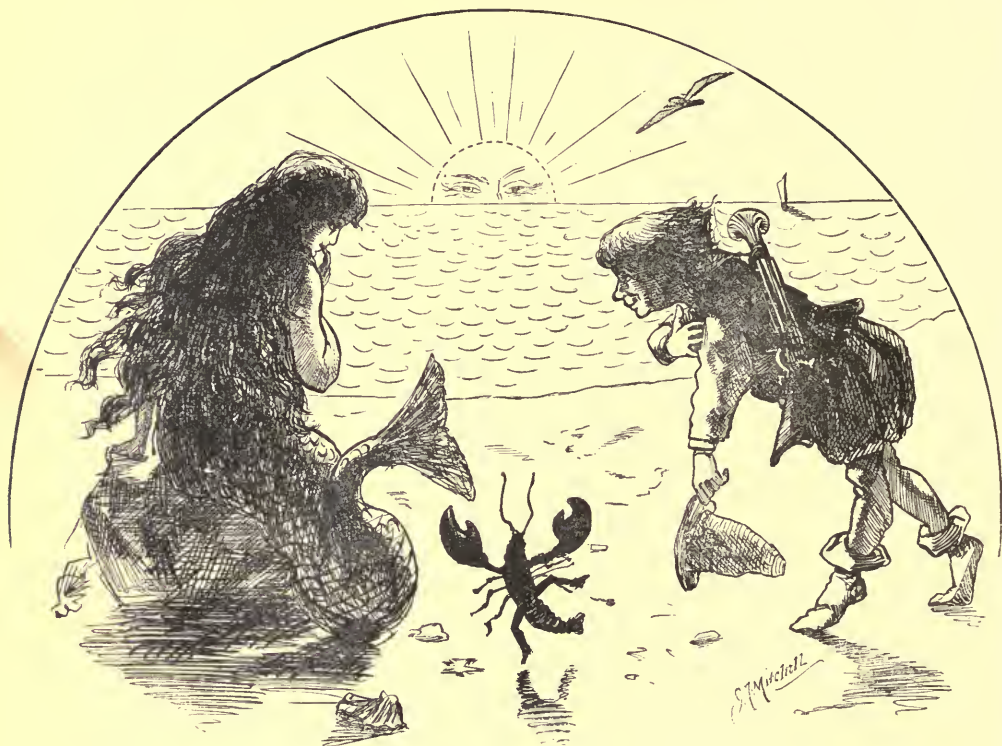
Howlibus, growlibus, Doggibus oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo!
Bring him a snarl and bring him a snap,
And bring him a posy to put in his cap.

Twinkily, winkily, Firefly oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo!
Bring him a moonbeam and bring him a star,
Then twinkily, winkily, fly away far.

THE DIFFERENCE.

EIGHT fingers,
Ten toes,
Two eyes,
And one nose.
Baby said
When she smelt the rose,
"Oh! what a pity
I've only one nose!"

Ten teeth
In even rows,
Three dimples,
And one nose.
Baby said
When she smelt the snuff,
"Deary me!
One nose is enough."



LITTLE JOHN BOTTLEJOHN.

LITTLE John Bottlejohn lived on the hill,
And a blithe little man was he.
And he won the heart of a pretty mermaid
Who lived in the deep blue sea.
And every evening she used to sit
And sing on the rocks by the sea,
“Oh! little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Won’t you come out to me?”

Little John Bottlejohn heard her song,
And he opened his little door.
And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped,
Until he came down to the shore.
And there on the rocks sat the little mermaid,
And still she was singing so free,
“Oh! little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Won't you come out to me?”

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
And the mermaid, she made one too,
And she said, “Oh! I never saw any one half
So perfectly sweet as you!
In my lovely home 'neath the ocean foam,
How happy we both might be!
Oh! little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Won't you come down with me?”

Little John Bottlejohn said, “Oh yes!
I'll willingly go with you.
And I never shall quail at the sight of your tail,
For perhaps I may grow one too.”
So he took her hand, and he left the land,
And plunged in the foaming main.
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Never was seen again.

JEMIMA BROWN.

I.

BRING her here, my little Alice,
Poor Jemima Brown!
Make the little cradle ready!
Softly lay her down!
Once she lived in ease and comfort,
Slept on couch of down;
Now upon the floor she's lying,
Poor Jemima Brown!

II.

Once she was a lovely dolly,
Rosy-cheeked and fair,
With her eyes of brightest azure
And her golden hair;
Now, alas! no hair's remaining
On her poor old crown;
And the crown itself is broken,
Poor Jemima Brown!

III.

Once her legs were smooth and comely,
And her nose was straight;
And that arm, now hanging lonely,
Had, methinks, a mate.

And she was as finely dressed as
Any doll in town.
Now she's old, forlorn, and ragged,
Poor Jemima Brown!

IV.

Yet be kind to her, my Alice;
'Tis no fault of hers
If her wilful little mistress
Other dolls prefers.
Did *she* pull her pretty hair out?
Did *she* break her crown?
Did *she* pull her arms and legs off,
Poor Jemima Brown?

V.

Little hands that did the mischief,
You must do your best
Now to give the poor old dolly
Comfortable rest.
So we'll make the cradle ready,
And we'll lay her down;
And we'll ask Papa to mend her,
Poor Jemima Brown!

ALICE'S SUPPER.

FAR down in the meadow the wheat grows green,
And the reapers are whetting their sickles so keen;
And this is the song that I hear them sing,
While cheery and loud their voices ring:
" 'Tis the finest wheat that ever did grow!
And it is for Alice's supper, ho! ho!"



Far down in the valley the old mill stands,
And the miller is rubbing his dusty white hands;
And these are the words of the miller's lay,
As he watches the millstones a-grinding away:
" 'Tis the finest flour that money can buy,
And it is for Alice's supper, hi! hi!"



Downstairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,
And Maggie is kneading the soft white dough,
And this is the song that she's singing to-day,
While merry and busy she's working away:
"Tis the finest dough, by near or by far,
And it is for Alice's supper, ha! ha!"



And now to the nursery comes Nannie at last,
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
'Tis a plate full of something all yellow and white,
And she sings as she comes with her smile so bright:
" 'Tis the best bread-and-butter I ever did see!
And it is for Alice's supper, he! he!"



TODDLEKINS.

BUTTERFLY,
Flutter by,
Through the summer air;
Roses bloom,
Sweet perfume
Shedding everywhere;
Robins sing,
Bluebells ring
Greeting to my dear,
When her sweet
Tiny feet
Bring her toddling here.

Pitapat!
Little fat
Funny baby toes!
Do not stumble,
Or she'll tumble
On her baby nose.
Closer cling,
Little thing,
To your mother's side,
Baby mine,
Fair and fine,
Mother's joy and pride.

BOBBILY BOO AND WOLLYPOTUMP.

BOBBILY Boo, the king so free,
He used to drink the Mango tea.
Mango tea and coffee, too,
He drank them both till his nose turned blue.

Wollypotump, the queen so high,
She used to eat the Gumbo pie.
Gumbo pie and Gumbo cake,
She ate them both till her teeth did break.

Bobbily Boo and Wollypotump,
Each called the other a greedy frump.
And when these terrible words were said,
They sat and cried till they both were dead.

SLEEPYLAND.

BABY's been in Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills.
Baby's been in Sleepyland
All the rainy morning.
From the cradle where she lay,
Up she jumped and flew away,
For Sleepyland is bright and gay
Every rainy morning.

What did you see in Sleepyland,
Baby littlest, Baby prettiest ?
What did you see in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning ?
Saw the sun that shone so twinkily,
Saw the grass that waved so crinkily,
Saw the brook that flowed so tinkily,
All the lovely morning.

What did you hear in Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills ?
What did you hear in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning ?
Heard the winds that wooed so woingly,
Heard the doves that cooed so cooingly,
Heard the cows that mooed so mooingly,
All the lovely morning.

What did you do in Sleepyland,
Baby littlest, Baby prettiest ?
What did you do in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning ?
Sang a song with a blue canary,
Danced a dance with a golden fairy,
Rode about on a cinnamon beary,
All the lovely morning.

Would I could go to Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills ;
Would I could go to Sleepyland,
Every rainy morning.
But to Sleepyland, as I have been told,
No one may go after three years old,
So poor old Mammy stays out in the cold,
Every rainy morning.



LITTLE BROWN BOBBY
SAT ON THE BARN FLOOR,



LITTLE BROWN BOBBY
LOOKED IN AT THE DOOR,
LITTLE BROWN BOBBY
SAID LACKADAY!

WHO'LL DRIVE ME THIS LITTLE BROWN BOBBY
AWAY?"



LITTLE BROWN BOBBY SAID
"SHOO! SHOO! SHOO!"

LITTLE BROWN BOBBY SAID
"MOO! MOO! MOO!"



THIS FRIGHTENED THEM SO
THAT BOTH OF THEM CRIED,
AND WISHED THEY WERE BACK AT THEIR MAMMY'S
SIDE!



PHIL'S SECRET.

I KNOW a little girl,
But I won't tell who!
Her hair is of the gold,
And her eyes are of the blue.
Her smile is of the sweet,
And her heart is of the true.
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell who.

I see her every day,
But I won't tell where!
It may be in the lane,
By the thorn-tree there.
It may be in the garden,
By the rose-beds fair.
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell where.

I'll marry her some day,
But I won't tell when!
The very smallest boys
Make the very biggest men.
When I'm as tall as father,
You may ask about it then.
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell when.

A SONG FOR HAL.

ONCE I saw a little boat, and a pretty, pretty boat,
When daybreak the hills was adorning,
And into it I jumped, and away I did float,
So very, very early in the morning.

Chorus. And every little wave had its nightcap on,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap on.
And every little wave had its nightcap on,
So very, very early in the morning.

All the fishes were asleep in their caves cool and deep,
When the ripple round my keel flashed a warning.
Said the minnow to the skate, "We must certainly be late,
Though I thought 'twas very early in the morning."

Chorus. For every little wave has its nightcap on,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap on.
For every little wave has its nightcap on,
So very, very early in the morning.

The lobster darkly green soon appeared upon the scene,
And pearly drops his claws were adorning.
Quoth he, "May I be boiled, if I'll have my slumber spoiled,
So very, very early in the morning!"

Chorus. For every little wave has its nightcap on,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap on,
For every little wave has its nightcap on,
So very, very early in the morning.

Said the sturgeon to the eel, "Just imagine how I feel,
Thus roused without a syllable of warning.
People ought to let us know when a-sailing they would go,
So very, very early in the morning."

Chorus. When every little wave has its nightcap on,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap on.
When every little wave has its nightcap on,
So very, very early in the morning.

Just then up jumped the sun, and the fishes every one
For their laziness at once fell a-mourning.
But I stayed to hear no more, for my boat had reached the shore,
So very, very early in the morning.

Chorus. And every little wave took its nightcap off,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap off.
And every little wave took its nightcap off,
And courtesied to the sun in the morning.

THE FAIRIES.

Is it true, my mother?
Can it really be,
That the little fairies
Every day you see?
Oh! the little fairies,
Wonderful and wise,
Have you really seen them
With your own two eyes?

Tell me where their home is,
Dearest mother mine.
Is it in the garden
'Neath the clustering vine?
Is it in the meadow,
'Mid the grasses tall?
Is it by the brookside,
Sweetest place of all?

Deep within the woodland,
Shall I find them then, —
Pretty little maidens,
Pretty little men;
Curled among the roseleaves,
Stretched along the fern,
Where no wind can shake them,
And no sunbeams burn?

Does the little queen live
In a great red rose,
Twenty elves to fan her
When to sleep she goes;
Coverlet of lilies
Sprinkled o'er with pearls,
Golden stars a-twinkling
In her golden curls?

Do they paint the flowers?
Do they teach the birds
All their lovely music,
With its strange, sweet words?
Oh! but tell me, mother!
Is it really true?
And when next you seek them,
Will you take me too?

True it is, my darling,
True as true can be,
That the little fairies
Every day I see,
Not within the meadow,
Not in woodland gloom,
But in brightest sunshine,
In this very room.

Singing like the robin,
Chirping like the wren,
Pretty little maidens,
Pretty little men ;
Leaning o'er my shoulder,
Swinging on my chair,
Oh ! the little fairies,
I see them everywhere.

Peeping at the window,
Peeping at the door,
If I bid them scamper,
Peeping all the more.
Little sweetest voices
Laughing merrily,
Oh ! the little fairies,
They 'll never let me be.

Tugging at my apron,
Twitching at my gown,
Climbing up into my lap,
Rumble-tumbling down.
Naughty little blue eyes,
Full of impish glee,
Oh ! the little fairies,
They 'll never let me be !

All are kings and queens, dear,
Every smallest one ;
And on mother's knee here
Is their regal throne.
Look into the glass, dear !
One of them you'll see.
Oh ! the little fairies,
God bless them all for me !

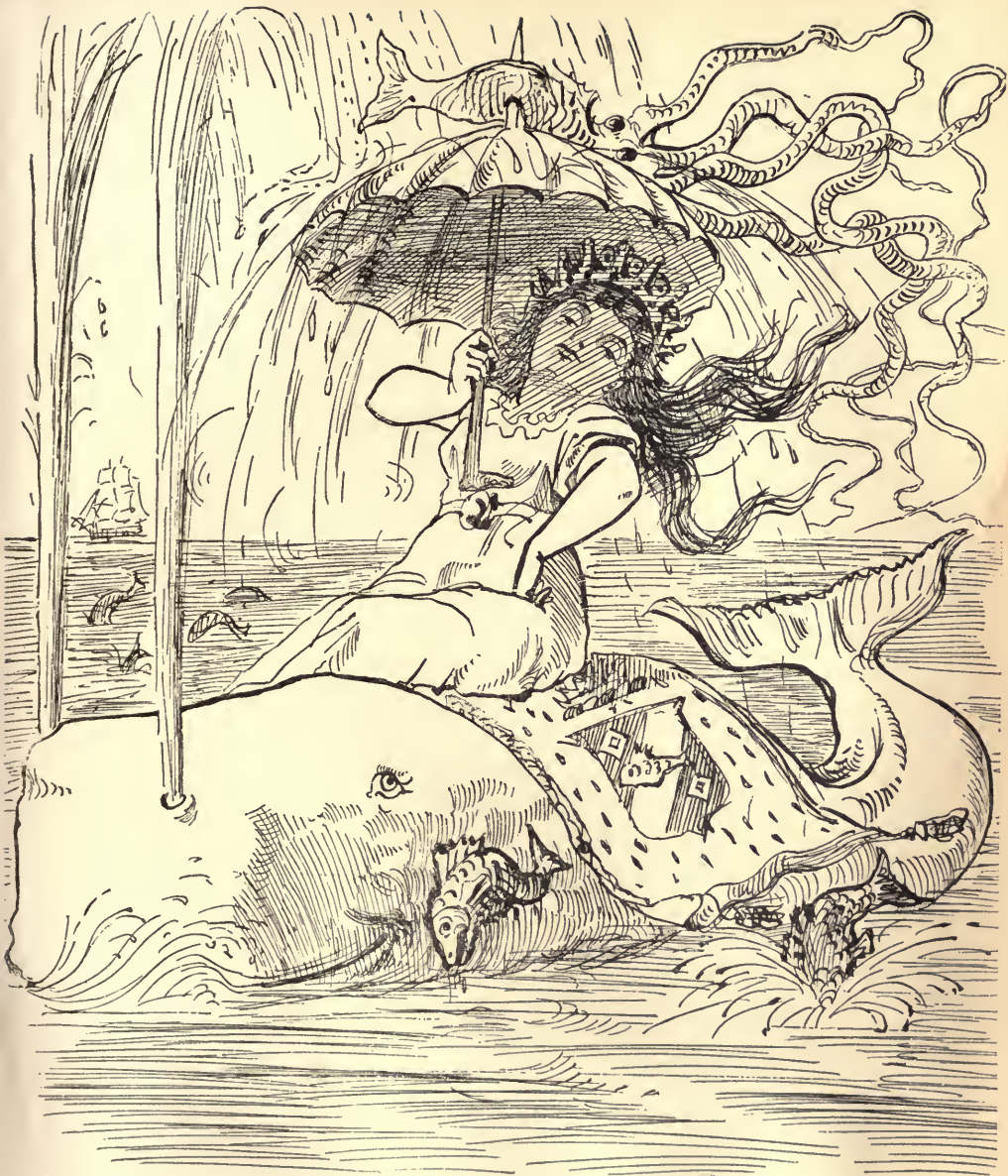
THE QUEEN OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

Oh ! the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
She's travelling over the sea :
She's bringing a beautiful cuttlefish,
To play with my baby and me.

Oh ! his head is three miles long, my dear,
His tail is three miles short.
And when he goes out he wriggles his snout,
In a way that no cuttlefish ought.

Oh ! the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
She rides on a sea-green whale.
He takes her a mile, with an elegant smile,
At every flip of his tail.

He can snuffle and snore like a Highlandman,
And swear like a Portugee ;
He can amble and prance like a peer of France,
And lie like a heathen Chinee.



QUEEN OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

Oh! the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
She dresses in wonderful taste.
The sea-serpent coils, all painted in oils,
Around her bee-yu-tiful waist.

Oh! her gown is made of the green sea-kale;
And though she knows nothing of feet,
She can manage her train, with an air of disdain,
In a way that is perfectly sweet.

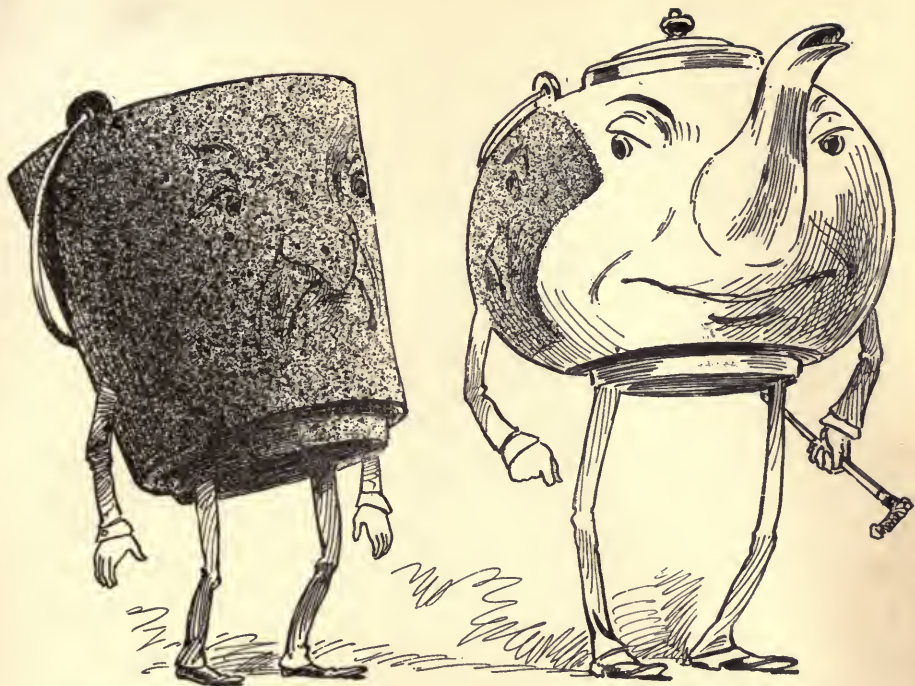
Oh! the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
She's travelling over the main.
So we'll hire a hack, and we'll take her straight back
To her beautiful Islands again.

BABY'S WAYS.

TODDLE, toddle, waddle, waddle,
On her little pinky toes.
Stumble, stumble, pitch and tumble,
That's the way the baby goes.

Prattle, prattle, rattle, rattle,
Little shouts and little shrieks,
Tears, with laughter coming after,
That's the way the baby speaks.

Playing, toying, still enjoying
Every sweet that Nature gives.
Smiling, weeping, waking, sleeping,
That's the way the baby lives.



POT AND KETTLE.

[To be read to little boys and girls who quarrel with each other.]

“Oho! Oho!” said the pot to the kettle,
“You’re dirty and ugly and black!
Sure no one would think you were made of metal,
Except when you’re given a crack.”

“Not so! not so!” kettle said to the pot.
“’Tis your own dirty image you see.
For I am so clear, without blemish or blot,
That your blackness is mirrored in me.”

PUNKYDOODLE AND JOLLAPIN.

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the Emperor take his tea?
He takes it with melons, he takes it with milk,
He takes it with syrup and sassafras silk.
He takes it without, he takes it within.
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the Cardinal take his tea?
He takes it in Latin, he takes it in Greek,
He takes it just seventy times in the week.
He takes it so strong that it makes him grin.
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the Admiral take his tea?
He takes it with splices, he takes it with spars,
He takes it with jokers and jolly jack tars.
And he stirs it round with a dolphin's fin.
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the President take his tea?
He takes it in bed, he takes it in school,
He takes it in Congress against the rule.
He takes it with brandy, and thinks it no sin.
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!



MRS. SNIPKIN AND MRS. WOBBLECHIN.

SKINNY Mrs. Snipkin,
 With her little pipkin,
 Sat by the fireside a-warming of her toes.

Fat Mrs. Wobblechin,
 With her little doublechin,
 Sat by the window a-cooling of her nose.

Says this one to that one,
 "Oh! you silly fat one,
 Will you shut the window down? You're freezing me to death!"
 Says that one to t'other one,
 "Good gracious, how you bother one!
 There is n't air enough for me to draw my precious breath!"

Skinny Mrs. Snipkin,
Took her little pipkin,
Threw it straight across the room as hard as she could throw;
Hit Mrs. Wobblechin
On her little doublechin,
And out of the window a-tumble she did go.



MY SUNBEAMS.

Oh, what shall we do for the Lovely
This rainy, rainy day?
Oh! how shall we make the baby laugh,
When everything's dull and gray?

The sun has gone on a picnic,
The moon has gone to bed,
The tiresome sky does nothing but cry,
As if its best friend were dead.

Come hither, come hither, my Sunbeams!
Come one, and two, and three;
And now in a trice we'll have the room
As sunny as sunny can be.

Come, dimpling, dimpling Dumpling,
Come, Rosy, Posy Rose,
Come, little boy Billy a-toddl'ing round
On little fat tottering toes.

Now twinkle, now twinkle, my Sunbeams!
Now twinkle and laugh and dance,
And brush me the gloom straight out of the room,
Nor leave it the ghost of a chance.

Aha! see the Lovely smile now!
Aha! see her jump and crow!
As round and round, with laugh and dance,
My three merry Sunbeams go.

And who cares now for the raindrops?
Who cares for the gloomy day,
When each little heart is doing its part
To make us all glad and gay?

You moon, you may stay in bed now;
You sun, you may wander and roam;
And cry away, cry, you tiresome sky!
We've plenty of sunshine at home!

IN THE CLOSET.

THEY'VE took away the ball,
Oh dear!
And I'll never get it back,
I fear.
And now they've gone away,
And left me for to stay
All alone the livelong day,
In here.

It was my ball, anyhow,
Not his:
For he never had a ball
Like this.
Such a coward you'll not see,
E'en if you should live to be
Old as Deuteronomy,
As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm,
None at all!
I just held out my hand
For the ball,
And — somehow — it hit his head.
Then his nose it went and bled,
And as if I'd killed him dead
He did bawl.

Mother said I was a naughty
Little wretch.
And Aunt Jane said the police
She would fetch.
And that nurse, who's always glad
Of a chance to make me mad,
Said, "indeed she never *had*
Seen sech!"

No! I never, never *will*
Be good!
I'll go and be a babe
In the wood.
I'll run away to sea,
And a pirate I will be.
Then they'll never *dare* call me
Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting!
Let me see!
I wonder what they're going to have
For tea.
Of course there will be jam —
And — oh! that potted ham!
How unfortunate I am!
Dear me!

IN MY NURSERY.

Oh! it's growing very dark
In here.
And that shadow in the corner
Looks so queer!
Won't they bring me any light?
Must I stay in here all night?
I shall surely die of fright.
Oh dear!

Mother, darling, will you *never*
Come back?
Oh! I'm sorry that I hit him
Such a crack!
Hark! yes, 't is her voice I hear!
Now good-by to every fear!
For she's calling me her dear
Little Jack!

BED-TIME.

How many toes has the tootsey foot?
One, two, three, four, five.
Shut them all up in the little red sock,
Snugger than bees in a hive.

How many fingers has little wee hand?
Four, and a little wee thumb.
Shut them up under the bedclothes tight,
For fear that Jack Frost should come.

How many eyes has the Baby Bo?
Two, so shining and bright.
Shut them up under the little white lids,
And kiss them a loving good-night.

BIRD-SONG.

SWEET! sweet! sweet! sweet!

Sing we in the morning,
Sending up to heaven's blue our happy waking song;
Daily, gayly, our tiny home adorning,
Working all so merrily the whole day long.

Sweet! sweet! sweet! sweet!

Sing we in the noontide;
Half the day is over now, half our work is done;
Neatly, featly, the moss and twigs are blended,
Feather, flower, leaf, and stems, all added one by one.

Sweet! sweet! sweet! sweet!

Sing we in the evening;
Happy day is past, past, happy night begun;
Wooing, cooing, we nestle 'mid the branches,
Sinking down to rest with the sinking of the sun.

Soft, soft, soft, soft,

Sleep we through the still night;
Tiny head 'neath tiny wing comfortably curled,
Singing, springing, with the breath of morning,
Waking up once more to all the wonder of the world.



GEOGRAPHI.

[Air: *There was a maid in my
countree.*]

THERE was a man in Mani-
tobá,
The only man that ever was
thar ;
His name was Nicholas Jones
McGee,
And he loved a maid in Miri-
michi.

Chorus.

Sing ha ! ha ! ha ! for Mani-
tobá !
Sing he ! he ! he ! for Miri-
michi !
Sing hi ! hi ! hi ! for Geo-
graphi !
And that's the lesson for
you and me.

There was a man in New Mex-
ico,
He lost his grandmother out in
the snow ;
But his heart was light, and
his ways were free,
So he bought him another in
Santa Fé.

Chorus.

Sing ho ! ho ! ho ! for New Mex-
ico !
Sing he ! he ! he ! for Santa Fé !
Sing hi ! hi ! hi ! for Geographi !
And that's the lesson for you
and me.



There was a man in Aus-
tra-li-a,
He sat and wept on the
new-mown hay ;
He jumped on the tail of
a kangaroo,
And rode till he came to
Kalamazoo.

Chorus. Sing hey! hey! hey! for Austra-li-a!
Sing hoo! hoo! hoo! for Kalamazoo!
Sing hi! hi! hi! for Geographi!
And that's the lesson for me and you.



There was a man in Jiggerajum,
He went to sea in a kettle-drum;
He sailed away to the Salisbury Shore,
And I never set eyes on that man any more.

Chorus. Sing hum! hum! hum! for Jiggerajum!
Sing haw! haw! haw! for the Salisbury Shore!
Sing hi! hi! hi! for Geographi!
And that's the lesson the whole world o'er.

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY went to school,
Looking so nice and neat!
Clean little mittens on clean little hands,
Clean little shoes on his feet.
Jacket and trousers all nicely brushed,
Collar and cuffs like snow.
“See that you come home as neat to-night,
Higgledy-piggledy oh!”

Higgledy-piggledy came from school,
In such a woful plight,
All the people he met on the road
Ran screaming away with fright.
One shoe gone for ever and aye,
T’other one stiff with mud,
Dirt-spattered jacket half torn from his back,
Mittens both lost in the wood.

Higgledy-piggledy stayed in bed
All a long, pleasant day,
While his father fished for his other boot
In the roadside mud and clay.
All day long his mother must mend,
Wash and iron and sew,
Before she can make him fit to be seen,
Higgledy-piggledy oh!

BELINDA BLONDE.

BELINDA BLONDE was a beautiful doll,
With rosy-red cheeks and a flaxen poll.
Her lips were red, and her eyes were blue,
But to say she was happy would not be true;
For she pined for love of the great big Jack
Who lived in the Box so grim and black.

She never had looked on the Jack his face;
But she fancied it shining with beauty and grace,
And all the day long she would murmur and pout,
Because Jack-in-the-box would never come out.

“ Oh, beautiful, beautiful Jack-in-the-box,
Undo your bolts and undo your locks!
The cupboard is shut, and there’s no one about:
Oh! Jack-in-the-box, jump out! jump out!”

But alas! alas! for Belinda Blonde,
And alas! alas! for her dreamings fond.
There soon was an end to all her doubt,
For Jack-in-the-box really *did* jump out, —

Out with a crash and out with a spring,
Half black and half scarlet, a horrible thing.
Out with a yell and a shriek and a shout,
His great goggle-eyes glaring wildly about.

"And what did Belinda do?" you say.
Alas! before she could get out of the way,
The monster struck her full on the head,
And with pain and with terror she fell down dead.

MORAL.

Now all you dolls, both little and big,
With china crown and with curling wig,
Before you give way to affection fond,
Remember the fate of Belinda Blonde!
And unless you're fond of terrible knocks,
Don't set your heart on a Jack-in-the-box!

TOMMY'S DREAM; OR, THE GEOGRAPHY DEMON.

I HATE my geography lesson!
It's nothing but nonsense and names.
To bother me so every Thursday,
I think it's the greatest of shames.
The brooklets flow into the rivers,
The rivers flow into the sea;
For my part, I hope they enjoy it!
But what does it matter to me?
Of late even more I've disliked it,
More thoroughly odious it seems,
Ever since that sad night of last winter,
When I had that most frightful of dreams.
I'd studied two hours that evening,
On mountains and rivers and lakes;

When I'd promised to go down to Grandpa's,
For one of Aunt Susan's plum-cakes.
She sent me one, though, and I ate it
On the stairs, before going to bed;
And those stupid old mountains and rivers
Were dancing all night through my head.
I dreamed that a horrible monster
Came suddenly into my room,—
A frightful Geography Demon,
Enveloped in darkness and gloom.
His body and head like a mountain,
A volcano on top for hat;
His arms and his legs were like rivers,
With a brook round his neck for cravat.
He laid on my trembling shoulder
His fingers cold, clammy, and long;
And rolling his red eyes upon me,
He roared out this horrible song:—

“Come! come! rise and come
Away to the banks of the Muskingum!
It rolls o'er the plains of Timbuctoo,
With the Peak of Teneriffe just in view;
And the cataracts leap in the pale moonshine,
As they dance o'er the cliffs of Brandywine.

“Flee! flee! rise and flee
Away to the banks of the Tombigbee!
We'll pass by Alaska's flowery strand,
Where the emerald towers of Pekin stand;
We'll pass it by, and we'll rest awhile
On Michillimackinaek's tropic isle;
While the apes of Barbary frisk around,
And the parrots crow with a lovely sound.

"Hie! hie! rise and hie
Away to the banks of the Yang-tse-kai!
There the giant mountains of Oshkosh stand,
And the icebergs gleam through the shifting sand;
While the elephant sits in the palm-tree high,
And the cannibal feasts upon bad-boy pie.

"Go! go! rise and go
Away to the banks of the Hoang-ho!
There the Chickasaw sachem is making his tea,
And the kettle boils and waits for thee.
I'll smite thee, ho! and I'll lay thee low,
On the beautiful banks of the Hoang-ho!"

These terrible words were still sounding
Like trumpets and drums through my head,
When the monster clutched tighter my shoulder,
And dragged me half out of the bed.
In terror I clung to the bedpost,
But the faithless bedpost broke;
I screamed out aloud in my anguish,
And suddenly — well — I awoke!! —
No monster — no music — all silence,
Save mother's soft accents so mild:
"No, Father, you need not be anxious!
I know now what troubles the child.
I'll give him a little hot ginger
As soon as he's fairly awake;
His frightful Geography Demon
Is just his Aunt Susan's plum-cake!"

POLLY'S YEAR.

JANUARY 1.

COME sit on my knee and tell me here,
Polly, my dear, Polly, my dear,
What do you mean to do this year?

I mean to be good the whole year long,
And never do anything careless or wrong;
I mean to learn all my lessons right,
And do my sums, if I sit up all night.
I mean to keep all my frocks so clean,
Nurse never will say I'm "not fit to be seen."
I mean not to break even one of my toys,
And I never, oh! *never* will make any noise.
In short, Uncle Ned, as you'll very soon see,
The best little girl in the world I shall be.

DECEMBER 31.

Come sit on my knee and let me hear,
Polly, my dear, Polly, my dear,
What you have done in the course of the year.

Oh dear! Uncle Ned, oh dear! and oh dear!
I'm afraid it has *not* been a very good year.
For somehow my sums *would* come out wrong,
And somehow my frocks would n't stay clean long.
And somehow I've often been dreadfully cross,
And somehow I broke my new rocking-horse.
And somehow Nurse says I have made such a noise,
I might just as well have been one of the boys.
In short, Uncle Ned, I very much fear
You must wait for my goodness another year.

WHAT THE ROBINS SING IN THE MORNING.

WAKE! wake! children, wake!
Here we're singing for your sake,
Chirrup! chirrup! chirrup! chee!
Sweet a song as sweet can be.

Rise! rise! children, rise!
Shake the poppies from your eyes.
Sweet! sweet! chirrup! tweet!
Morning blossoms at your feet.

Song and sweetness, dawn and dew,
All are waiting now for you.
Wake! wake! children, wake!
Here we're singing for your sake.

THE EVE OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

I.

ROBBY and Bobby and Billy and Ned,
Philip and Peter and Guy,
They vowed, every one, they'd have glorious fun
On the glorious Fourth of July.
They spent all their money on trumpets and drums,
On fish-horns and pistols and guns,
On elephant crackers (which they pronounced "whackers"),
On toffee, torpedoes, and buns.

II.

Robby and Bobby and Billy and Ned,
Philip and Peter and Guy,
They said with delight, "We will sit up all night,
To make ready for Fourth of July.
We will beat on our drums till the constable comes,
And then we will hasten away.
We will toot the gay horn till the coming of morn,
The morn of the glorious day."

III.

Robby and Bobby and Billy and Ned,
Philip and Peter and Guy,
They made such a noise that the other small boys
With envy were ready to die.
They made such a din that the neighbors within
With fury were ready to choke,
With rage at the drumming and strumming and humming,
The pistols and powder and smoke.

IV.

Robby and Bobby and Billy and Ned,
Philip and Peter and Guy,
They thought 't would be best for a moment to rest,
And their toffee and buns for to try.
On the steps of a house they began to carouse,
And they shouted and shrieked in their glee,
As they fired their guns and devoured their buns
In a manner both frolic and free.

V.

Robby and Bobby and Billy and Ned,
Philip and Peter and Guy,
Ah! nothing they saw of the opening door,
Nothing knew of the peril so nigh.
A horrid great man with a watering-can
Was standing behind them so still,
And suddenly down on each curly crown
Its contents he poured with a will.

VI.

Robby and Bobby and Billy and Ned,
Philip and Peter and Guy,
With squeaks and with squeals did they take to their heels,
While their enemy after did fly.
And he beat them with sticks, and he kicked them with kicks,
And he thumped on their heads with the can,
And half-way up the street he pursued them so fleet,
Still thumping their heads as he ran.

VII.

Robby and Bobby and Billy and Ned,
Philip and Peter and Guy,
They said, every one, that it was n't much fun
Getting ready for Fourth of July.
They crept to their beds and they laid down their heads,
And they slept till the sun was on high,
And when they awaked, so sorely they ached,
That they just could do nothing but cry.

THE DANDY CAT.

To Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly
His mistress remarked one day,
"I 'm tormented, my cat, both by mouse and by rat:
Come rid me of them, I pray!

"For though you're a cat of renowned descent,
And your kittenhood's long been gone,
Yet never a trace of the blood of your race
In battle or siege you've shown."

Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly
Arose from his downy bed.
He washed himself o'er, from his knightly paw
To the top of his knightly head.

And he curled his whiskers, and combed his hair,
And put on his perfumed gloves;
And his sword he girt on, which had never been drawn
Save to dazzle the eyes of his loves.

And when he had cast one admiring glance
On the looking-glass tall and fair,
To the pantry he passed; but he stood aghast,
For lo! the pantry was bare!

The pickles, the cookies, the pies were gone!
And naught remained on the shelf
Save the bone of a ham, which lay cold and calm,
The ghost of its former self.

Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin stood sore dismayed,
And he looked for the mice and rats.
But they, every one, had been long since gone
Far, far from the reach of cats.

For while he was donning his satin pelisse,
And his ribbons and laces gay,
They had finished their feast, without hurry the least,
And had tranquilly trotted away.

The mistress of Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly,
A woman full stern was she.
She came to the door, and she rated him sore
When the state of the case she did see.

She grasped him, spite of his knightly blood,
By the tip of his knightly tail;
His adornments she stripped, and his body she dipped
Three times in the water-pail.

She plunged him thrice 'neath the icy flood,
Then turned him out-doors to dry;
And terror and cold on his feelings so told,
That he really was like to die.

And now in this world 't would be hard to find,
Although you looked low and high,
A cat who cares less for the beauties of dress
Than Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly.



A PARTY.

ON Willy's birthday, as you see,
These little boys have come to tea.
But, oh! how very sad to tell!
They have not been behaving well.
For ere they took a single bite,
They all began to scold and fight.

The little boy whose name was Ned,
He wanted jelly on his bread;
The little boy whose name was Sam,
He vowed he would have damson jam;
The little boy whose name was Phil
Said, "I'll have honey! *Yes — I — WILL!!*"

BUT —

The little boy whose name was Paul,
While they were quarrelling, ate it all.

JUMBO JEE.

THERE were some kings, in number three,
Who built the tower of Jumbo Jee.
They built it up to a monstrous height,
At eleven o'clock on a Thursday night.

They built it up for forty miles,
With mutual bows and pleasing smiles;
And then they sat on the edge to rest,
And partook of lunch with a cheerful zest.

And first they ate of the porkly pic,
And wondered why they had built so high;
And next they drank of the ginger wine,
Which gave their noses a regal shine.

They drank to the health of Jumbo Jee,
Until they could neither hear nor see.
They drank to the health of Jumbo Land,
Until they could neither walk nor stand.

They drank to the health of Jumbo Tower
Until they really could drink no more;
And then they sank in a blissful swoon,
And flung their crowns at the rising moon.

AN INDIAN BALLAD.

WHOPSY WHITTLESEY WHANKO WHEE,
Howly old, growly old Indian he,
Lived on the hills of the Mungo-Paws,
With all his papposes and all his squaws.
There was Wah-wah-bocky, the Blue-nosed Goose,
And Ching-gach-goeky, the Capering Moose:
There was Pecksy Wiggin, and Squaw-pan too,
But the fairest of all was Michiky Moo.
Michiky Moo, the Savory Tart,
Pride of Whittlesey Whanko's heart;
Michiky Moo, the Cherokee Pie,
Apple of Whittlesey Whanko's eye.
Whittlesey Whanko loved her so
That the other squaws did with envy glow;
And each said to the other, "Now, what shall we do
To spoil the beauty of Michiky Moo?"
"We'll lure her away to the mountain top,
And there her head we will neatly chop."
"We'll wile her away to the forest's heart,
And shoot her down with a poisoned dart."
"We'll lead her away to the river-side,
And there she shall be the Manito's bride."
"Oh! one of these things we will surely do,
And we'll spoil the beauty of Michiky Moo."
"Michiky Moo, thou Cherokee Pie,
Away with me to the mountain high!"
"Nay, my sister, I will not roam.
I'm safer and happier here at home."
"Michiky Moo, thou Savory Tart,
Away with me to the forest's heart!"

"Nay! my sister, I will not go;
I fear the dart of some hidden foe."
"Michiky Moo, old Whittlesey's pride,
Away with me to the river-side!"
"Nay! my sister, for fear I fall!
And wouldst thou come if thou heardest me call?"
"Now choose thee, choose thee thy way of death!
For soon thou shalt draw thy latest breath!
We all have sworn that this day we'll see
The last, proud Michiky Moo, of thee!"
Whittlesey Whanko, hidden near,
Each and all of these words did hear.
He summoned his braves, all painted for war,
And gave them in charge each guilty squaw:
"Take Wah-wah-bocky, the Blue-nosed Goose;
Take Ching-gach-gocky, the Capering Moose;
Take Peeksy Wiggin, and Squaw-pan too,
And leave me alone with my Michiky Moo.
This one away to the mountain top,
And there her head ye shall neatly chop;
This one away to the forest's heart,
And shoot her down with a poisoned dart;
This one away to the river-side,
And there she shall be the Manito's bride;
Away with them all, the woodlands through!
For I'll have no squaw save Michiky Moo."
Away went the braves, without question or pause,
And they soon put an end to the guilty squaws.
They pleasantly smiled when the deed was done,
Saying, "Ping-ko-chanky! oh! is n't it fun!"
And then they all danced the Buffalo dance,
And capered about with ambiguous prance,
While they drank to the health of the lovers so true,
Bold Whittlesey Whanko and Michiky Moo.

THE EGG.

OH! how shall I get it, how shall I get it, —
A nice little new-laid egg?
My grandmamma told me to run to the barn-yard,
And see if just one I could beg.

“Moolly-cow, Moolly-cow, down in the meadow,
Have you any eggs, I pray?”
The Moolly-cow stares as if I were crazy,
And solemnly stalks away.

“Oh! Doggie, Doggie, perhaps you may have it,
That nice little egg for me.”
But Doggie just wags his tail and capers,
And never an egg has he.

“Now, Dobbin, Dobbin, I’m sure you must have one,
Hid down in your manger there.”
But Dobbin lays back his ears and whinnies,
With “Come and look, if you dare!”

“Piggywig, Piggywig, grunting and squealing,
Are you crying ‘Fresh eggs for sale’?”
No! Piggy, you’re very cold and unfeeling,
With that impudent quirk in your tail.

“You wise old Gobbler, you look so knowing,
I’m sure you can find me an egg.
You stupid old thing! just to say ‘Gobble-gobble!’
And balance yourself on one leg.”

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it,—
That little white egg so small?
I've asked every animal here in the barn-yard,
And they won't give me any at all.

But after I'd hunted until I was tired,
I found—not one egg, but ten!
And you *never* could guess where they all were hidden,—
Right under our old speckled hen!

WOULD N'T.

SHE *would n't* have on her naughty bib!
She *would n't* get into her naughty crib!
She *would n't* do this, and she *would n't* do that,
And she *would* put her foot in her Sunday hat.

She *would n't* look over her picture-book!
She *would n't* run out to help the cook!
She *would n't* be petted or coaxed or teased,
And she *would* do *exactly whatever* she pleased.

She *would n't* have naughty rice to eat!
She *would n't* be gentle and good and sweet!
She *would n't* give me one single kiss,
And pray what could we do with a girl like this?

We tickled her up, and we tickled her down,
From her toddling toes to her curling crown.
And we kissed her and tossed her, until she was fain
To promise she *would n't* say “*would n't*” again.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

“WILL-O'-THE-WISP! Will-o'-the-wisp!
Show me your lantern true!
Over the meadow and over the hill,
Gladly I'll follow you.
Never I'll murmur nor ask to rest,
And ever I'll be your friend,
If you'll only give me the pot of gold
That lies at your journey's end.”

Will-o'-the-wisp, Will-o'-the-wisp,
Lighted his lantern true;
Over the meadow and over the hill,
Away and away he flew.
And away and away went the poor little boy,
Trudging along so bold,
And thinking of naught but the journey's end,
And the wonderful pot of gold.

Will-o'-the-wisp, Will-o'-the-wisp,
Flew down to a lonely swamp;
He put out his lantern and vanished away
In the evening chill and damp.
And the poor little boy went shivering home,
Wet and tired and cold;
He had come, alas! to his journey's end,
But where was the pot of gold?

NONSENSE VERSES.

I.

NICHOLAS NED,
 He lost his head,
 And put a turnip on instead;
 But then, ah me!
 He could not see,
 So he thought it was night, and he went to bed.

II.

Ponsonby Perks,
 He fought with Turks,
 Performing many wonderful works;
 He killed over forty,
 High-minded and haughty,
 And cut off their heads with smiles and smirks.

III.

Winifred White,
 She married a fright,
 She called him her darling, her duck, and delight;
 The back of his head
 Was so lovely, she said,
 It dazzled her soul and enraptured her sight.

IV.

Harriet Hutch,
' Her conduct was such,
Her uncle remarked it would conquer the Dutch :
She boiled her new bonnet,
And breakfasted on it,
And rode to the moon on her grandmother's crutch.

AN OLD RAT'S TALE.

HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell.
And each was as black as your Sunday hat,
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail ;
Both long and curling and fine.
And each said, " My love's is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine ! "

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good ;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out and she ventured out ;
And I saw them go with pain.
But what them befell I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

TO THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WRIGGLES.

Don't wriggle about any more, my dear!
I'm sure all your joints must be sore, my dear!
It's wriggle and jiggle, it's twist and it's wiggle,
Like an eel on a shingly shore, my dear,
Like an eel on a shingly shore.

Oh! how do you think you would feel, my dear,
If you should turn into an eel, my dear?
With never an arm to protect you from harm,
And no sign of a toe or a heel, my dear,
No sign of a toe or a heel?

And what do you think you would do, my dear,
Far down in the water so blue, my dear,
Where the prawns and the shrimps, with their curls and their crimps,
Would turn up their noses at you, my dear,
Would turn up their noses at you?

The crab he would give you a nip, my dear,
And the lobster would lend you a clip, my dear.
And perhaps if a shark should come by in the dark,
Down his throat you might happen to slip, my dear,
Down his throat you might happen to slip.

Then try to sit still on your chair, my dear!
To your parents 'tis no more than fair, my dear.
For we really don't feel like inviting an eel
Our board and our lodging to share, my dear,
Our board and our lodging to share.



[A story with a certain amount of truth in it.]

THE forty little ducklings who lived up at the farm,
They said unto each other, "Oh! the day is very warm!"
They said unto each other, "Oh! the river's very cool!"
The duck who did not seek it now would surely be a fool."

The forty little ducklings, they started down the road;
And waddle, waddle, waddle, was the gait at which they goed.
The same it is not grammar, — you may change it if you choose. —
But one cannot stop for trifles when inspired by the Muse.

They waddled and they waddled and they waddled on and on.
Till one remarked, "Oh! deary me, where *is* the river gone?
We asked the Ancient Gander, and he said 't was very near.
He must have been deceiving us, or else himself, I fear."

They waddled and they waddled, till no further they could go :
Then down upon a mossy bank they sat them in a row.
They took their little handkerchiefs and wept a little weep,
And then they put away their heads, and then they went to sleep.

There came along a farmer, with a basket on his arm,
And all those little duckyings he took back to the farm.
He put them in their little beds, and wished them sweet repose,
And fastened mustard plasters on their little webby toes.

Next day these little ducklings, they were, very very ill.
Their mother sent for Doctor Quack, who gave them each a pill ;
But soon as they recovered, the first thing that they did,
Was to peck the Ancient Gander, till he ran away and hid.



THE MOUSE.

I'm only a poor little mouse, Ma'am.
I live in the wall of your house, Ma'am.
With a fragment of cheese,
And a *very few* peas,
I was having a little carouse, Ma'am.

No mischief at all I intend, Ma'am.
I hope you will act as my friend, Ma'am.
If my life you should take,
Many hearts it would break,
And the mischief would be without end, Ma'am.

My wife lives in there, in the crack, Ma'am,
She's waiting for me to come back, Ma'am.
She hoped I might find
A bit of a rind,
For the children their dinner do lack, Ma'am.

'Tis hard living there in the wall, Ma'am,
For plaster and mortar *will* pall, Ma'am,
On the minds of the young,
And when specially hung—
Ry, upon their poor father they'll fall, Ma'am.

I never was given to strife, Ma'am,—
(Don't look at that terrible knife, Ma'am!)
The noise overhead
That disturbs you in bed,
'Tis the rats, I will venture my life, Ma'am.

In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, Ma'am.
Oh, there's no need to open the door, Ma'am.
I'll slip through the crack,
And I'll never come back,
Oh! I'll *never* come back any more, Ma'am!

A VALENTINE.

Oh, little loveliest lady mine!
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away,
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day,
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, Saint Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright;
But now, when everything's dark and drear,
Why do you come, Saint Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true;
But buds are asleep, and blossoms are dead,
And the snow beats down on my poor little head;
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine.

JAMIE IN THE GARDEN.

How is a little boy to know
About these berries all,
That ripen all the summer through,
From spring-time until fall?

I must not eat them till they're ripe,
I know that very well;
But each kind ripens differently,
So how am I to tell?

Though strawberries and raspberries,
When ripe, are glowing red,
Red blackberries I must not touch,
Mamma has lately said.

And though no one of these is fit
To touch when it is green,
Ripe gooseberries, as green as grass,
At Grandpapa's I've seen.

And peas are green when they are ripe;
Some kinds of apples too.
But they're not berries; neither are
These currants, it is true.

These currants, now! why, some are red,
And some are brilliant green.
"Don't eat unripe ones!" said Mamma.
But which ones did she mean?

To disobey her would be wrong.
To leave them I am loath.
I really *can't* find out, unless —
Unless I eat them both!

[*He eats them both.*]

SOMEBODY'S BOY (NOT MINE).

WHEN he was up he cried to get down,
And when he was in he cried to get out;
And no little boy in Boston town
Was ever so ready to fret and pout.
 Poutsy, oh!
 And fretsy, oh!
And spend the whole day in a petsy, oh!
And what shall we do to this bad little man,
But scold him as hard as we possibly can!

When he was cold he cried to be warm,
And when he was warm he cried to be cold;
And all the morning 't was scold and storm,
And all the evening 't was storm and scold.
 Stormy, oh!
 And scoldy, oh!
And never do what he was toldy, oh!
And what shall we do to this bad little man,
But scold him as hard as we possibly can!



BOGY.

His eyes are green and his nose is brown,
His feet go up and his head goes down,
And so he goes galloping through the town,
The king of the Hobbledygoblins.
His heels stick out and his toes stick in,
He wears his mustaches upon his chin,
And he glares about with a horrible grin,
The king of the Hobbledygoblins.

No naughty boys can escape his eyes;
 He clutches them, 'spite of their tears and sighs,
 And away at a terrible pace he hies
 To his castle of Killemaneetem;
 There he shuts them up under lock and key,
 And feeds them on blacking and grasshopper tea,
 And if ever they try to get out, you see,
 Why, this is the way he'll treat 'em.

[Here Mamma may toss the little boy up in the air, or shake him, or tickle his little chin, whichever he likes best.]

Now, Johnny and Tommy, you'd better look out!
 All day you've done nothing but quarrel and pout,
 And nobody knows what it's all about,
 But it gives me a great deal of pain, dears.
 So, Johnny and Tommy, be good, I pray,
 Or the king will be after you some fine day,
 And off to his castle he'll whisk you away,
 And we never shall see you again, dears!

THE MERMAIDENS.

THE little white mermaidens live in the sea,
 In a palace of silver and gold;
 And their neat little tails are all covered with scales,
 Most beautiful for to behold.

On wild white horses they ride, they ride,
 And in chairs of pink coral they sit;
 They swim all the night, with a smile of delight,
 And never feel tired a bit.



Now list, oh! list to the piteous tale
Of the Phrisky Phrog and the Sylvan Snayle;
Of their lives and their loves, their joys and their woes,
And all about them that any one knows.

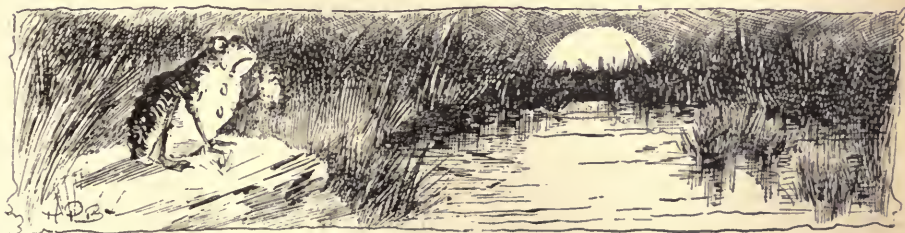
The Phrog lived down in a grewsome bog,
The Snayle in a hole in the end of a log;
And they loved each other so fond and true,
They didn't know what in the world to do.

For the Snayle declared 't was too cold and damp
For a lady to live in a grewsome swamp;
While her lover replied, that a hole in a log
Was no possible place for a Phrisky Phrog.

“Come down! come down, my beautiful Snayle!
With your helegant horns and your tremulous tail;
Come down to my bower in the blossomy bog,
And be happy with me,” said the Phrisky Phrog.

“Come up, come up, to my home so sweet,
Where there’s plenty to drink, and the same to eat;
Come up where the cabbages bloom in the vale,
And be happy with me,” said the Sylvan Snayle.

But he would n’t come, and she would n’t go,
And so they could never be married, you know;
Though they loved each other so fond and true,
They did n’t know what in the world to do.



THE AMBITIOUS CHICKEN.

It was an Easter chicken
So blithesome and so gay;
He peeped from out his plaster shell
All on an Easter Day.

His wings were made of yellow down,
His eyes were made of beads;
He seemed, in very sooth, to have
All that a chicken needs.

He winked and blinked and peeped about,
And to himself he said,
“When first a chicken leaves the shell,
Of course he must be fed.

“And though I may be young in years,
And this my natal morn,
I’m quite, *quite* old enough to know
Where people keep the corn.”

He winked and blinked and peeped about,
Till in a corner sly
He saw a heap of golden corn
Piled on a platter high.

“Now, this is well!” the chicken cried;
“Now, this is well, in sooth.
This corn shall nourish and sustain
My faint and tender youth.

“And I shall grow and grow apace,
And come to high estate,
With mighty feathers in my tail,
And combs upon my pate.

“To see my beauty and my grace
The feathered race will flock,
And all will bow them low before
The mighty Easter Cock.”

As thus the chicken proudly spake,
And stooped to snatch the prize,
His head fell off, and rolled away
Before his very eyes!!!!

It rolled into the dish of corn,
A sad and sombre sight,
While still upon its plaster legs,
His body stood upright.

And little Mary, when she came
With shining “popper” bright,
To pop the corn, and make the balls
Which were her heart’s delight,

Gazed at the dish with wide blue eyes,
And “Oh! Mamma!” she said:
“One piece has gone and *popped itself*
Into a chicken’s head!”

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

SAID the boy to the brook that was rippling away,
"Oh, little brook, pretty brook, will you not stay?
Oh, stay with me, play with me, all the day long,
And sing in my ears your sweet murmuring song."
Said the brook to the boy as it hurried away,
"And is't for my music you ask me to stay?
I was silent until from the hillside I gushed;
Should I pause for an instant, my song would be hushed."

Said the boy to the wind that was fluttering past,
"Oh, little wind, pretty wind, whither so fast?
Oh, stay with me, play with me, fan my hot brow,
And ever breathe softly and gently as now."
Said the wind to the boy as it hurried away,
"And is't for my coolness you ask me to stay?
'Tis only in flying you feel my cool breath;
Should I pause for an instant, that instant were death."

Said the boy to the day that was hurrying by,
"Oh, little day, pretty day, why must you fly?
Oh, stay with me, play with me, just as you are;
Let no shadow of evening your noon-brightness mar."
Said the day to the boy as it hurried away,
"And is't for my brightness you ask me to stay?
Know, the jewel of day would no longer seem bright,
If it were not clasped round by the setting of night."



THE SHARK.

OH! blith and merrily sang the shark,
As he sat on the house-top high:
A-cleaning his boots, and smoking cheroots,
With a single glass in his eye.

With Martin and Day he polished away,
And a smile on his face did glow,
As merry and bold the chorus he trolled
Of "Gobble-em-upsky ho!"

He sang so loud, he astonished the crowd
Which gathered from far and near.
For they said, "Such a sound, in the country round,
We never, no, never did hear."

He sang of the ships that he'd eaten like chips
In the palmy days of his youth.
And he added, "If you don't believe it is true,
Pray examine my wisdom tooth!"

He sang of the whales who'd have given their tails
For a glance of his raven eye.
And the swordfish, too, who their weapons all drew,
And swor'd for his sake they'd die.

And he sang about wrecks and hurricane decks
And the mariner's perils and pains,
Till every man's blood up on end it stood,
And their hair ran cold in their veins.

But blithe as a lark the merry old shark,
He sat on the sloping roof.
Though he said, "It is queer that no one draws near
To examine my wisdom toof!"

And he carolled away, by night and by day,
Until he made every one ill.
And I'll wager a crown that unless he's come down,
He is probably carolling still.

THE EASTER HEN.

OH! children, have you ever seen
The little Easter Hen,
Who comes to lay her pretty eggs,
Then runs away again?

She only comes on Easter Day;
And when that day is o'er,
Till next year brings it round again,
You will not see her more.

Her eggs are not like common eggs,
But all of colors bright:
Blue, purple, red, with spots and stripes,
And scarcely one that's white.

She lays them in no special place,—
On this side, now on that.
And last year, only think! she laid
One right in Johnny's hat.

But naughty boys and girls get none:
So, children, don't forget!
And be as good as good can be—
It is not Easter yet!

PUMP AND PLANET.

WITH a hop, skip, and jump,
We went to the pump,
To fill our kettles with starch.
He gave us good day
In the pleasantest way,
With a smile that was winning and arch.

“Oh, Pump,” said I,
“When you look up on high
To flirt with the morning star,
Does it make you sad,
Oh! Pumpy, my lad,
To think she’s away so far?”

Said the Pump, “Oh no!
For we’ve settled it so
That but little my feelings are tried.
For every clear night
She slides down the moonlight,
And shines in the trough at my side.”



PUMP AND PLANET.

THE POSTMAN.

HEY! the little postman,
And his little dog.
Here he comes a-hopping
Like a little frog;
Bringing me a letter,
Bringing me a note,
In the little pocket
Of his little coat.

Hey! the little postman,
And his little bag,
Here he comes a-trotting
Like a little nag;
Bringing me a paper,
Bringing me a bill,
From the little grocer
On the little hill.

Hey! the little postman,
And his little hat,
Here he comes a-creeping
Like a little cat.
What is that he's saying?
"Naught for you to-day!"
Horrid little postman!
I wish you'd go away!

HOPSY UPSY.

HOPSY upsy, Baby oh!
Into your bath you now must go;
Splash and dash, and paddle and plash,
That's what you like, my Baby oh!

Where is the sponge for Baby oh?
See the silvery fountains flow,—
Diamond drops so bright and clear,
Falling all over my Baby dear.

Now for the soap, my Baby oh!
Watch the bubbles that come and go;
Rainbow isles in a sea of foam,
Reflecting your smiles, they go and come.

Here is the towel for Baby oh!
Cannot stay in all day, you know;
Now scrub and rub, and rub and scrub,
And so good-by to the beautiful tub.

Now for the shirt, my Baby oh!
Soft and warm, and as white as snow.
Puffy white petticoats, fluffy white gown;
Why, what a great ball of thistle-down!

Last come the curls, my Baby oh!
Soft as silver they fall and flow.
Now toss him up and carry him down,
The bonniest Baby in Boston town!

LITTLE BLACK MONKEY.

LITTLE black Monkey sat up in a tree,
Little black Monkey he grinned at me;
He put out his paw for a cocoanut,
And he dropped it down on my occiput.



The occiput is a part, you know,
Of the head which does on my shoulders grow;
And it's very unpleasant to have it hit,
Especially when there's no hair on it.

I took up my gun, and I said, "Now, why,
Little black Monkey, should you not die?
I'll hit you soon in a vital part!
It may be your head, or it may be your heart."



I steadied my gun, and I aimed it true;
The trigger it snapped and the bullet it flew;
But just where it went to I cannot tell,
For I never *could* find where that bullet fell.

Little black Monkey still sat in the tree,
And placidly, wickedly grinned at me.
I took up my gun and I walked away,
And postponed his death till another day.

JIPPY AND JIMMY.

JIPPY and Jimmy were two little dogs.
They went to sail on some floating logs;
The logs rolled over, the dogs rolled in,
And they got very wet, for their clothes were thin.

Jippy and Jimmy crept out again.
They said, "The river is full of rain!"
They said, "The water is far from dry!"
Ki-hi! ki-hi! ki-*hi*-yi! ki-hi!"

Jippy and Jimmy went shivering home.
They said, "On the river no more we'll roam;
And we won't go to sail until we learn how,
Bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-*wow*-wow! bow-wow!"

MASTER JACK'S SONG.

[Written after spending the Christmas Holidays at Grandmamma's.]

You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves.
You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow.
Something fairer far than these
I can show you, if you please.
'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

Chorus. Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam-pots grow.
The fairest spot to me,
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine
In their syrup clear and fine,
And the raspberries are blushing with a dusky glow.
And the cherry and the plum
Seem to beckon you to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

Chorus. Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam-pots grow.
The fairest spot to me,
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

There the sprightly pickles stand,
With the catsup close at hand,
And the marmalades and jellies in a goodly row.
While the quinces' ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire
To seek the little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

Chorus. Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam-pots grow.
The fairest spot to me,
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

Never tell me of your bowers
That are full of bugs and flowers!
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow!
But sing me, if you will,
Of the house beneath the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

Chorus. Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jam-pots grow!
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam-pots grow.
The fairest spot to me,
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

MOTHER ROSEBUSH.

THERE are roses that grow on a vine, on a vine,
There are roses that grow on a stalk ;

But my little Rose

Grows on ten little toes,

So I'll take my Rose out for a walk.

Come out in the garden, Rosy Posy,

Come visit your cousins, child, with me!

If you are my daughter, it stands to reason

Your own Mother Rosebush I must be.

Now, here is your cousin Damask, Rosy!

And, Rosy, here is your cousin Blush;

General Jacqueminot,

(Your uncle, you know,)

Salutes you here with his crimson flush.

Here's Gloire de Dijon, a splendid fellow,

All creamy and dreamy and soft and sweet;

And Cloth-of-Gold, with his coat of yellow,

Is dropping rose-nobles here at your feet.

My Baltimore Belle, my Queen of the Prairie,

Now, why are your ladyships looking so cross?

Lord Butterfly, see!

And Sir Honey de Bee,

Have deserted them both for your sweet cousin Moss.

Ah! Maréchal Niel, I am glad to observe, sir,

You train up your buds in the way they should go,

All buttoned up close; while careless Niphetos

Lets her children go fluttering to and fro.

You whitest beauty, what is your name, now?
"Snow Queen?" Ay, and it suits you well!

And yonder, I see,
Is my friend Cherokee,
Who will not stop climbing, his name to tell;
And here and there are blushing and blowing
Crimson and yellow and white and pink;
Pale or angry, gleaming or glowing.
The whole world's turning to roses, I think.

Oh! fair is the rose on the vine, on the vine,
And sweet is the rose on the tree;
But there's only one Rose
That has ten little toes,
And she is the Rose for me.
Come, put on your calyx, Rosy Posy,
Put on your calyx and come with me;
For if you are my daughter, it stands to reason,
Your own Mother Rosebush I must be.

THE FIVE LITTLE PRINCESSES.

FIVE little princesses started off to school,
Following their noses, because it was the rule;
But one nose turned up, and another nose turned down,
So all these little princesses were lost in the town.

Poor little princesses cannot find their way.
Naughty little noses, to lead them astray!
Poor little princesses, sadly they roam;
Naughty little noses, pray lead them home!

THE HORNET AND THE BEE.

SAID the hornet to the bee,
"Pray you, will you marry me?
Will you be my little wife,
For to love me all my life?
You shall have a velvet cloak,
And a bonnet with a poke.
You shall sit upon a chair
With a cabbage in your hair.
You shall ride upon a horse,
If you fancy such a course.
You shall feed on venison pasty
In a manner trig and tasty;
Deville'd bones and apple-cores,
If you like them, shall be yours.
You shall drink both rum and wine,
If you only will be mine.
Pray you, will you marry me?"
Said the hornet to the bee.

Said the bee unto the hornet,
"Your proposal, sir, I scorn it.
Marry one devoid of money,
Who can't make a drop of honey?
Cannot even play the fiddle,
And is pinched up in the middle?
Nay, my love is set more high.

Cockychafer's bride am I.
Cockychafer whirring loud,
Frisking free and prancing proud,
Cockychafer blithe and gay,
He hath stole my heart away.
Him alone I mean to marry,
So no longer you need tarry.
Not another moment stay!
Cockychafer comes this way.
Your proposal, sir, I scorn it!"
Said the bee unto the hornet.

So the cockychafer came,
Took the bee to be his dame.
Took the bee to be his wife,
For to love her all his life.
Wedding dress of goblin green,
Hat and feathers for a queen,
Worsted mittens on her feet,
Thus her toilet was complete.
Then when it was time to dine,
Cockychafer brought her wine,
Roasted mouse and bunny-fish,
Porridge in a silver dish;
Lobster-claws and scalloped beast.
Was not that a lovely feast?
But when it was time to sup,
Cockychafer ate her up.
Thus concludes the history
Of the hornet and the bee.

THE THREE LITTLE CHICKENS WHO WENT OUT TO
TEA, AND THE ELEPHANT.

LITTLE chickens, one, two, three,
They went out to take their tea,
Brisk and gay as gay could be,
Cackle wackle wackle!
Feathers brushed all smooth and neat,
Yellow stockings on their feet,
Tails and tuftings all complete,
Cackle wackle wackle!

“Very seldom,” said the three,
“Like of us the world can see,
Beautiful exceedingly,
Cackle wackle wackle!
Such our form and such our face,
Such our Cochin China grace,
We must win in beauty’s race,
Cackle wackle wackle!”

Met an elephant large and wise,
Looked at them with both his eyes:
Caused these chickens great surprise;
Cackle wackle wackle!
“Why,” they said, “do you suppose
Elephant does n’t look out of his nose,
So very conveniently it grows?
Cackle wackle wackle!”

“Elephant with nose so long,
Sing us now a lovely song,
As we gayly trip along,

Cackle wackle wackle!

Sing of us and sing of you,
Sing of corn and barley too,
Beauteous beast with eyes of blue,

Cackle wackle wackle!”



Elephant sang so loud and sweet,
Chickens fell before his feet;
For his love they did entreat,

Cackle wackle wackle.

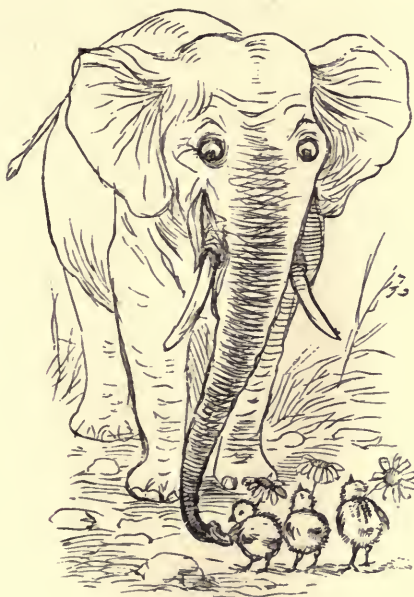
“Well-a-day! and woe is me!

Would we all might elephants be!

Then he'd marry us, one, two, three,

Cackle wackle wackle!”

Elephant next began to dance :
Capered about with a stately prance
Learned from his grandmother over in France,
Cackle wackle wackle !
Fast and faster 'gan to tread,
Trod on every chicken's head,
Killed them all uncommonly dead,
Cackle wackle wackle !



MORAL.

Little chickens, one, two, three,
When you're walking out to tea,
Don't make love to all you see,
Cackle wackle wackle !
Elephants have lovely eyes,
But to woo them is not wise,
For they are not quite your size !
Cackle wackle wackle !

A LEGEND OF LAKE OKEEFINOKEE.

THERE once was a frog,
And he lived in a bog,
On the banks of Lake Okeefinokee.
And the words of the song
That he sang all day long
Were, "Croakety croakety croaky."

Said the frog, "I have found
That my life's daily round
In this place is exceedingly poky.
So no longer I'll stop,
But I swiftly will hop
Away from Lake Okeefinokee."

Now a bad mocking-bird
By mischance overheard
The words of the frog as he spoke.
And he said, "All my life
Frog and I've been at strife,
As we lived by Lake Okeefinokee.

"Now I see at a glance
Here's a capital chance
For to play him a practical joke.
So I'll venture to say
That he shall not to-day
Leave the banks of Lake Okeefinokee."

So this bad mocking-bird,
Without saying a word,
He flew to a tree which was oak.

And loudly he sang,
Till the whole forest rang,
“ Oh! Croakety croakety croaky !”

As he warbled this song,
Master Frog came along,
A-filling his pipe for to smokee,
And he said, “ ’T is some frog
Has escaped from the bog
Of Okeefinokee-finokee.

“ I am filled with amaze
To hear one of my race
A-warbling on top of an oak; ;
But if frogs can climb trees,
I may still find some ease
On the banks of Lake Okeefinokee.”

So he climbed up the tree;
But alas! down fell he!
And his lovely green neck it was brokee;
And the sad truth to say,
Never more did he stray
From the banks of Lake Okeefinokee.

And the bad mocking-bird
Said, “ How very absurd
And delightful a practical jokee!”
But I’m happy to say
He was drowned the next day
In the waters of Okeefinokee.

GRANDPAPA'S VALENTINE.

I MAY not claim her lovely hand,
My darling and my pride !
I may not ask her to become
My bright and beauteous bride ;
The measure of my love for her
May not be said or sung ;
And all because I'm rather old,
And she is rather young.

I may not clasp her slender waist,
And thread the mazy dance ;
I may not drive her in the Park,
With steeds that neigh and prance.
I may not tempt her with my lands,
Nor buy her with my gold ;
And all because she's rather young,
And I am rather old.

She leaves me for a younger swain,
A plump and beardless boy.
She slights me for a sugar-plum,
Neglects me for a toy.
And worst of all, this state of things
Can never altered be ;
For I am nearly sixty-eight,
And she is only three.

ALIBAZAN.

ALL on the road to Alibazan,
A May Day in the morning,
'T was there I met a bonny young man,
A May Day in the morning ;
A bonny young man all dressed in blue,
Hat and feather and stocking and shoe,
Ruff and doublet and mantle too,
A May Day in the morning.

He made me a bow, and he made me three,
A May Day in the morning ;
He said, in truth, I was fair to see,
A May Day in the morning.
"And say, will you be my sweetheart now ?
I'll marry you truly with ring and vow ;
I've ten fat sheep and a black-nosed cow,
A May Day in the morning.

"What shall we buy in Alibazan,
A May Day in the morning ?
A pair of shoes and a feathered fan,
A May Day in the morning.
A velvet gown all set with pearls,
A silver hat for your golden curls,
A pot of pinks for my pink of girls,
A May Day in the morning."

All in the streets of Alibazan,
A May Day in the morning,
The merry maidens tripped and ran,
A May Day in the morning.
And this was fine, and that was free,
But he turned from them all to look on me;
And "Oh! but there's none so fair to see,
A May Day in the morning."

All in the church of Alibazan,
A May Day in the morning,
'T was there I wed my bonny young man,
A May Day in the morning.
And oh! 'tis I am his sweetheart now!
And oh! 'tis we are happy, I trow,
With our ten fat sheep and our black-nosed cow,
A May Day in the morning.



THE THREE FISHERS.

JOHN, Frederick, and Henry,
Had once a holiday ;
And they would go a-fishing,
So merry and so gay.
They went to fish for salmon,
These little children three ;
As in this pretty picture
You all may plainly see.

It was not in the ocean,
Nor from the river shore,
But in the monstrous water-butt
Outside the kitchen door.
And John he had a fish-hook,
And Fred a crooked pin,
And Henry took his sister's net,
And thought it was no sin.

They climbed up on the ladder,
Till they the top did win;
And then they perched upon the edge,
And then they did begin.
But how their fishing prospered,
Or if they did it well,
Or if they caught the salmon,
I cannot, cannot tell.

Because I was not there, you know,
But I can only say
That I too went a-fishing,
That pleasant summer day.
It was not for a salmon,
Or shark with monstrous fin,
But it was for three little boys,
All dripping to the skin.

PEEPSY.

[After the manner of Jane Taylor.]

OUR Julia has a little bird,
And Peepsy is his name;
And now I'll sing a little song
To celebrate the same.

He's yellow all from head to foot,
And he is very sweet,
And very little trouble, for
He never wants to eat.

He never asks for water clear,
He never chirps for seed,
For cracker, or for cuttlefish,
For sugar or chickweed.

"Oh! what a perfect pet!" you cry,
But there's one little thing,
One drawback to the bonny bird,—
Our Peepsy cannot sing.

He chirps no song at dawn or eve,
He makes no merry din;
But this one cannot wonder at,
For Peepsy's made of tin.

MAY SONG.

Ox a certain First of May,
So they say,
Came two merry little maids
Out to play.
Brown-haired Jeanie, sweet and wise,
Fair-haired Norah, with her eyes
Blue as are the morning skies.
Each in cap and kirtle gay,
Pretty little maids were they;
Light of heart and well content.
Through the fields they singing went,
On a merry First of May,
So they say.

On this merry First of May,
So they say,
Came two sturdy little lads
By that way.
Miller's Robin from the mill,
Shepherd's Johnnie from the hill;
Bonny little lads, I trow,
Sunny eyes and open brow,
Ruddy cheeks and curly hair,
Sturdy legs all brown and bare,
Through the fields they marched along,
Whistling each his cheery song,
On a merry First of May,
So they say.

On this merry First of May,
So they say,
Lads and lasses, there they met
On their way.
Said the lads, "We'll choose a queen!
May Day comes but once, I ween.
Search we all the country round,
Sweeter maids could not be found."
Laughed the lasses merrily,
"Ay! but which one shall it be?
John and Robin, tell us true,
Which is fairer of the two,
On this merry First of May?
Quickly say!"

On this merry First of May,
So they say,
Shepherd Johnnie hushed his whistle
Blithe and gay;
"Brown eyes are more fair," said he,
"For they shine so winsomely!"
"Nay!" quoth Robin, "'t is confessed
Blue eyes *always* are the best!
Fair-haired Norah wins the prize!"
"That she does not!" Johnnie cries;
"Norah's well enough, but Jean,
Brown and sweet, shall be the queen
On this merry First of May!
Choose *my* way!"

On this merry First of May,
So they say,
Soon to earnest turned their play.
Well-a-day!

Loud and angry words arose,
Angry words soon turned to blows;
John and Robin o'er the ground
Chase each other round and round,
Kicking, cuffing, here and there,
Shouting through the sweet May air:
"Jeanie!" "Norah! — is more fair!"
While the little maids aside,
Blue eyes, brown eyes, open wide
On this stormy First of May,
Well-a-day!

On this merry First of May,
So they say,
Jean and Norah stole away
From the fray.
"Silly lads!" they laughing cried,
"Let them as they will decide;
Shall we while they quarrel, pray,
Lose our pretty holiday?
Come away, and we may find
Other lads, who know their mind.
Or if not, why then, I ween,
Each will be the other's queen,
On this merry First of May.
Come away!"

TWO LITTLE VALENTINES.

[For two little girls.]

I.

YOUNG Rosalind, she is my rose!
I care not who the secret knows;
So deep within my heart she grows,
Her constant bloom no winter knows;
Sweet Rosalind, she is my rose.

Alas! this rose hath yet a thorn,
Whereon my heart is daily torn.
The love I proffer her each morn,
That love she flings me back in scorn.
But shall I therefore idly mourn?
She'd be no rose *without* the thorn.

II.

WHEN the ivory lily darkens,
When the jealous rose turns pale,
Then I say, "My Julia's coming!
'T is a sign will never fail."

When the bobolink is silent,
When the linnet stays her trill,
Then I say, "My Julia's singing!
At her voice the birds are still."

When I feel two velvet rose-leaves
Touch my eyes on either lid,
Then I say, "My Julia kissed me!"
And she answers, "Yes, me did!"

A HOWL ABOUT AN OWL.

It was an owl lived in an oak,
Sing heigh ho! the prowly owl!
He often smiled, but he seldom spoke,
And he wore a wig and a camlet cloak.
Sing heigh ho! the howly fowl!
Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whoo!

He fell in love with the chickadee,
Sing heigh ho! the prowly owl!
He asked her, would she marry he,
And they'd go and live in Crim Tartaree.
Sing heigh ho! the howly fowl!
Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whoo!

"'Tis true," says he, "you are far from big."
Sing heigh ho! the prowly owl!
"But you'll look twice as well when I've bought you a wig,
And I'll teach you the Lancers and the Chorus Jig."
Sing heigh ho! the howly fowl!
Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whoo!

"I'll feed you with honey when the moon grows pale."
Sing heigh ho! the prowly owl!
"I'll hum you a hymn, and I'll sing you a scale,
Till you quiver with delight to the tip of your tail!"
Sing heigh ho! the howly fowl!
Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whoo!

So he went for to marry of the chickadee,
Sing heigh ho! the prowly owl!
But the sun was so bright that he could not see,
So he married the hoppergrass instead of she.
And wasn't that a sad disappointment for he!
Sing heigh ho! the howly fowl!
Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whoo!

OUR CELEBRATION.

Off go the fire-crackers, bang! bang! bang!
Off go the fire-crackers, bang! bang! bang!
Popguns all a-snapping, and banners all a-flapping,—
Off go the fire-crackers, bang! bang! bang!

Off the torpedoes go, crack! crack! crack!
Off the torpedoes go, crack! crack! crack!
Fish-horns all a-tooting, and schoolboys all a-hooting,—
Off the torpedoes go, crack! crack! crack!

Off go the fireworks, fizz! fizz! fizz!
Off go the fireworks, fizz! fizz! fizz!
Pin-wheels all a-turning, and fingers all a-burning,—
Off go the fireworks, fizz! fizz! fizz!

Off goes our little Ned, boo-hoo-hoo!
Off goes our little Ned, boo-hoo-hoo!
Big hole in his jacket, and another in his pocket,
Half the hair singed off his head,
Off goes our little Ned,—
Mamma'll put him straight to bed, boo-hoo-hoo!

THE SONG OF THE CORN-POPPER.

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
Here am I, all ready to pop.
Girls and boys, the fire burns clear;
Gather about the chimney here.
Big ones, little ones, all in a row.
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
Into the bowl the kernels drop.
Sharp and hard and yellow and small;
Must say they don't look good at all.
But wait till they burst into warm white snow!
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
Don't fill me too full; shut down the top!
Rake out the coals in an even bed,
Topaz yellow and ruby red;
Shade your eyes from the fiery glow.
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
Shake me steadily; do not stop!
Backward and forward, not up and down;
Don't let me drop, or you'll burn it brown.
Never too high and never too low.
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
Now they are singing, and soon they'll hop.
Hi! the kernels begin to swell;
Ho! at last they are dancing well.
Puffs and fluffs of feathery snow,
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
All full, little ones? Time to stop!
Pour out the snowy, feathery mass;
Here is a treat for lad and lass.
Open your mouths now, all in a row;
Munch away! crunch away! here we go!

WHAT BOBBY SAID.

I DON'T think it's right!
I don't think it's fair!
I don't like Easter
At all! so there!

It's only because
I'm young, you see,
They think they can play
Their tricks upon me.

They brought me an egg,
And a beauty, too!
All golden yellow,
With stripes of blue.

They said 'twas a true egg,
A *truly* true!
And, of course, I supposed
It was so all through;

But when it was opened,
Just think what a shame!
'T was just like the white ones,
Just *'zactly* the same!

Part white and part yellow,
No bit of it blue,
And it tasted the same
As the other ones, too.

I don't think it's right,
And I don't think it's fair,
And I don't like Easter
At all! so there!

MASTER JACK'S VIEWS.

[*After a lesson in astronomy.*]

THE merry old World goes round, goes round,
And round the old World does go;
Day in, day out, from west to east,
At a pace that is far from slow.

And he's never been known to change his pace,
Or swerve an inch from his course,
Though his journey so easily shortened might be,
By cutting his orbit across.

If I were you, you silly old World,
I know well what I'd do:
Break loose from that tiresome orbit-track,
And go spinning the Universe through.

I'd startle the stars from their morning nap,
With a "How do you do to-day?"
And before any one could take off his night-cap,
I'd be millions of miles away.

I'd warm my hands at the gate of the Sun,
And cool them off at the Pole;
Then off and away down the Milky Way,
How merrily I would roll!

I'd steal from Saturn his golden rings,
From Mars his mantle of red;
And I'd borrow the sword of Orion the brave,
To cut off the Serpent's head.

I'd saddle the Bear, and ride on his back,
Nor dream of being afraid;
And maybe I'd stop at the Archer's shop,
To see how the rainbows are made.

I'd race with the comets, I'd flirt with the moon,
I'd waltz with the Northern Lights,
Till the whole Solar System should hold up its hands
And exclaim, "What remarkable sights!"

But stay! to all these delightful things
One slight objection I see;
For if the World *should* play these wonderful pranks,
Pray, what would become of me?

And what would become of papa and mamma?
And what would become of you?
And how should we like to go spinning about,
And careering the Universe through?

Well, the merry old World goes round, goes round,
And round the old World does go;
And a great deal better than you or I,
The wise old World must know!

EMILY JANE.

OH! Christmas time is coming again,
And what shall I buy for Emily Jane?
O Emily Jane, my love so true,
Now what upon earth shall I buy for you?
My Emily Jane, my doll so dear,
I've loved you now for many a year,
And still while there's anything left of you,
My Emily Jane, I'll love you true!

My Emily Jane has lost her head,
And has a potato tied on instead;
A hole for an eye, and a lump for a nose.
It really looks better than you would suppose.
My Emily Jane has lost her arms,
The half of one leg's the extent of her charms;
But still, while there's anything left of you,
My Emily Jane, I'll love you true!

And now, shall I bring you a fine new head,
Or shall I bring you a leg instead?
Or will you have arms, to hug me tight,
When naughty 'Lizabeth calls you a fright?
Or I'll buy you a dress of satin so fine,
'Mong all the dolls to shimmer and shine;
For oh! while there's anything left of you,
My Emily Jane, I'll love you true!

Mamma says, "Keep all your pennies, Sue,
And I'll buy you a doll all whole and new;"
But better I love my dear old doll,
With her one half-leg and potato poll.
"The potato may rot, and the leg may fall?"
Well, then I shall treasure the sawdust, that's all!
For while there is *anything* left of you,
My Emily Jane, I'll love you true!

SONG OF THE MOTHER WHOSE CHILDREN ARE FOND OF DRAWING.

Oh, could I find the forest
Where the pencil-trees grow!
Oh, might I see their stately stems
All standing in a row!
I'd hie me to their grateful shade,
In deep, in deepest bliss;
For then I need not hourly hear
A chorus such as this:

Chorus. Oh, lend me a pencil, *please*, Mamma!
Oh, draw me some houses and trees, Mamma!
Oh, make me a floppy
Great poppy to copy,
And a horsey that prances and gees, Mamma!

The branches of the pencil-tree
Are pointed every one;
Ay! each one has a glancing point
That glitters in the sun.
The leaves are leaves of paper white,
All fluttering in the breeze;
Ah! could I pluck one rustling bough,
I'd silence cries like these:

Chorus. Oh, lend me a pencil, *do*, Mamma!
I've got mine all stuck in the glue, Mamma!
Oh, make me a pretty
Big barn and a city,
And a cow and a steam-engine too, Mamma!

The fruit upon the pencil-tree
Hangs ripening in the sun,
In clusters bright of pocket-knives, —
Three blades to every one.
Ah! might I pluck one shining fruit,
And plant it by my door,
The pleading cries, the longing sighs,
Would trouble me no more.

Chorus. Oh, sharpen a pencil for *me*, Mamma!
'Cause Johnny and Baby have three, Mamma!
And this isn't fine!
And Hal sat down on mine!
So do it bee-yu-ti-ful-*lee*, Mamma!



THE SEVEN LITTLE TIGERS AND THE AGED COOK.

SEVEN little tigers they sat them in a row,
Their seven little dinners for to eat;
And each of the troop had a little plate of soup,
The effect of which was singularly neat.

They were feeling rather cross, for they had n't any sauce
To eat with their pudding or their pie;
So they rumbled up their hair, in a spasm of despair,
And vowed that the aged cook should die.

Then they called the aged cook, and a frying-pan they took,
To fry him very nicely for their supper;
He was ninety-six years old, on authority I'm told,
And his name was Peter Sparrow-piper Tupper.

"Mr. Sparrow-piper Tup, we intend on you to sup!"
Said the eldest little tiger very sweetly;
But this naughty aged cook, just remarking, "Only look!"
Chopped the little tiger's head off very neatly.

Then he said unto the rest, "It has always been confessed
That a tiger's better eating than a man ;
So I'll fry him for you now, and you all will find, I trow,
That to eat him will be much the better plan."



So they tried it in a trice, and found that it was nice,
And with rapture they embracèd one another ;
And they said, "By hook or crook, we must keep this aged cook ;
So we'll ask him to become our elder brother."

[Which they accordingly did.]

AGAMEMNON.

ABOUT a king I have to tell,
Of all the woes that him befell
Through those who should have served him well,

Poor Agamemnon !

How he was huffed and cuffed about,
And tossed from windows, in and out,
With jest and gibe and eldritch shout,

Poor Agamemnon !

Of worsted was the monarch made,
Of gayest colors neatly laid
In each imaginable shade,

Poor Agamemnon !

His trousers were of scarlet hue,
His jacket of celestial blue,
With snow-white tunic peeping through,

Poor Agamemnon !

When he was young and in his prime,
On Christmas tree, in Christmas time,
He glowed like bird of tropic clime,

Poor Agamemnon !

His swarthy cheek, his beard of brown,
His gay attire and golden crown,
Showed him a king of high renown,
Poor Agamemnon !

The children, learning then to pore
O'er Father Homer's god-like lore,
Cried, " See ! the king of men once more,
Great Agamemnon !
Now, when we play the siege of Troy,
Achilles, Hector, Ajax boy,
With us the fighting he'll enjoy,
Great Agamemnon ! "

But well-a-day ! the war began,
And Greek and Trojan, man to man,
In god-like fury raged and ran,
Poor Agamemnon !
'Twas Ajax seized the king, I trow,
And, using him as weapon now,
Did smite bold Hector on the brow,
Poor Agamemnon !

Then fierce and fell the contest grew ;
From hand to hand the monarch flew,
Still clutched and hurled with fury new,
Poor Agamemnon !
His beaded eyes wept tears of shame.
His worsted cheeks with wrath did flame ;
In vain he called each hero's name,
Poor Agamemnon !

At length great Hector seized the king
And gave his mighty arm a swing,
Then upward soared with sudden fling,

Poor Agamemnon!

Upon the high-pitched roof fell he,
And there, from Greek and Trojan free,
He lay for all the world to see,

Poor Agamemnon!

The fierce sun beat upon his head,
The rain washed white his trousers red,
The moon looked down on him and said,

“Poor Agamemnon!”

His gold and blue were gray and brown,
When Ajax, chief of high renown,
The roof-tree scaled, and brought him down,

Poor Agamemnon!

And now within the nursery,
In doll-house parlor you may see
His dim and faded majesty,

Poor Agamemnon!

And still each little naughty boy,
Ranging the cupboards for some toy,
Cries out, “Aha! the siege of Troy!

Poor Agamemnon!”

THE WEDDING.

BLUE-BELL, bonny bell, ring for the wedding!

Gallant young Hyacinth marries the Rose.
Here we all wait for the wedding procession,
Standing up high on our tippy-toe-toes.

Blue-bell, bonny bell, ring for the wedding!

First the three ushers on grasshoppers ride,—
Coxcomb, Larkspur, and gallant Sweet William.
Handsome young dandies as ever I spied.

Here in a coach come the bride's rich relations,—

Old Madam Damask and old Mr. Moss;
Greatly I fear they approve not the marriage,
Else they'd not look so uncommonly cross.

Here comes His Excellence Baron de Goldbug,

Leading the Dowager Duchess of Snail;
Feathers and fringe on the top of her bonnet,
Roses and rings on the end of her tail.

Blue-bell, bonny bell, ring for the wedding!

Here come the bridesmaids, by two and by two;
Gay little Primrose, fair little Snowdrop,
Peachblossom, Jasmine, and Eglantine too.

Last come the lovers, wrapped up in each other,

Thinking of love, and of little beside.
Blue-bell, bonny bell, ring for the wedding!
Health and long life to the beautiful bride!

SWING SONG.

As I swing, as I swing,
 Here beneath my mother's wing,
 Here beneath my mother's arm,
 Never earthly thing can harm.
 Up and down, to and fro,
 With a steady sweep I go,
 Like a swallow on the wing,
 As I swing, as I swing.

As I swing, as I swing,
 Honey-bee comes murmuring,
 Humming softly in my ear,
 "Come away with me, my dear!
 In the tiger-lily's cup
 Sweetest honey we will sup."
 Go away, you velvet thing!
 I must swing! I must swing!

As I swing, as I swing,
 Butterfly comes fluttering,
 "Little child, now come away
 'Mid the clover-blooms to play;
 Clover-blooms are red and white,
 Sky is blue, and sun is bright.
 Why then thus, with folded wing,
 Sit and swing, sit and swing?"

As I swing, as I swing,
 Oriole comes hovering.
 "See my nest in yonder tree!
 Little child, come work with me.

Learn to make a perfect nest,
That of all things is the best.
Come! nor longer loitering
Sit and swing, sit and swing!"

As I swing, as I swing,
Though I have not any wing,
Still I would not change with you,
Happiest bird that ever flew.
Butterfly and honey-bee,
Sure 't is you must envy me,
Safe beneath my mother's wing
As I swing, as I swing.

THE LITTLE COSSACK.

THE tale of the little Cossack,
Who lived by the river Don:
He sat on a sea-green hassock,
And his grandfather's name was John.
His grandfather's name was John, my dears,
And he lived upon bottled stout;
And when he was found to be not at home,
He was frequently found to be out.

The tale of the little Cossack, —
He sat by the river-side,
And wept when he heard the people say
That his hair was probably dyed.
That his hair was probably dyed, my dears,
And his teeth were undoubtedly sham;
"If this be true," quoth the little Cossack,
"What a poor little thing I am!"

The tale of the little Cossack,—
He sat by the river's brim,
And he looked at the little fishes,
And the fishes looked back at him.
The fishes looked back at him, my dears,
And winked at him, which was wuss;
"If this be true, my friend," they said,
"You'd better come down to us."

The tale of the little Cossack,—
He said, "You are doubtless right,
Though drowning is not a becoming death
For it makes one look like a fright.
If my lovely teeth be crockery,
And my hair of Tyrian dye,
Then life is a bitter mockery,
And no more of it will I!"

The tale of the little Cossack,—
He drank of the stout so brown;
Then put his toes in the water,
And the fishes dragged him down.
And the people threw in his hassock
And likewise his grandfather John;
And there was an end of the family,
On the banks of the river Don.

WHAT A VERY RUDE LITTLE BIRD SAID TO
JOHNNY THIS MORNING.

THING with two legs, out on the lawn!
 Stupid old thing!
Why don't you fly, or hop at least?
 Why don't you sing?
There you stand with your great long legs
Stiff as a couple of giant pegs;
Have you a nest with five blue eggs?
 Have you *anything*?

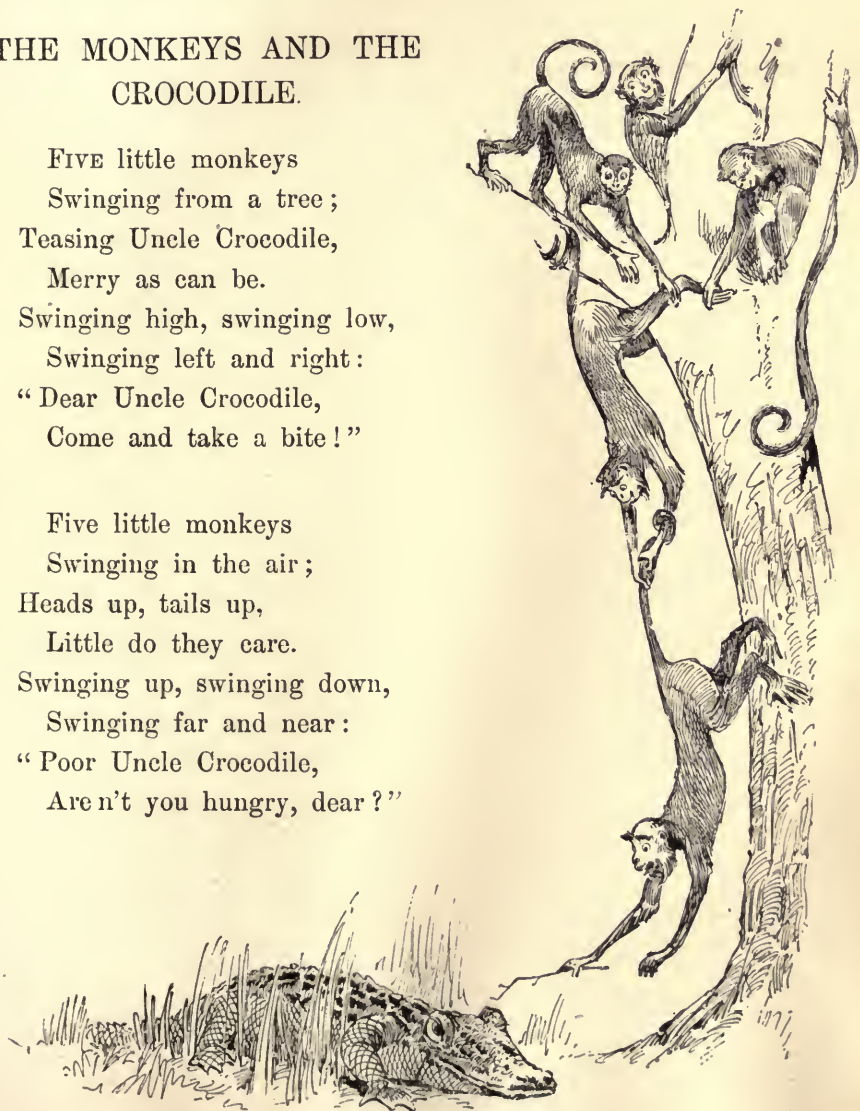
Thing with two legs, out on the lawn!
 Stubborn old thing!
Is that your only song, that harsh,
 Loud muttering?
Here! listen, and try to imitate me!
Chirr-a-wink! chirr-a-wink! pirrip-wip-wee!
It's just as easy as easy can be,
 Stubborn old thing!

Thing with two legs, out on the lawn,
 Ugly old thing!
I hear my little brown wife in the nest
 Soft chirruping.
And if you think I've nothing else to do
But stay here and talk to the like of you,
You're greatly mistaken, I tell you true!
 Good-by, old thing!

THE MONKEYS AND THE CROCODILE.

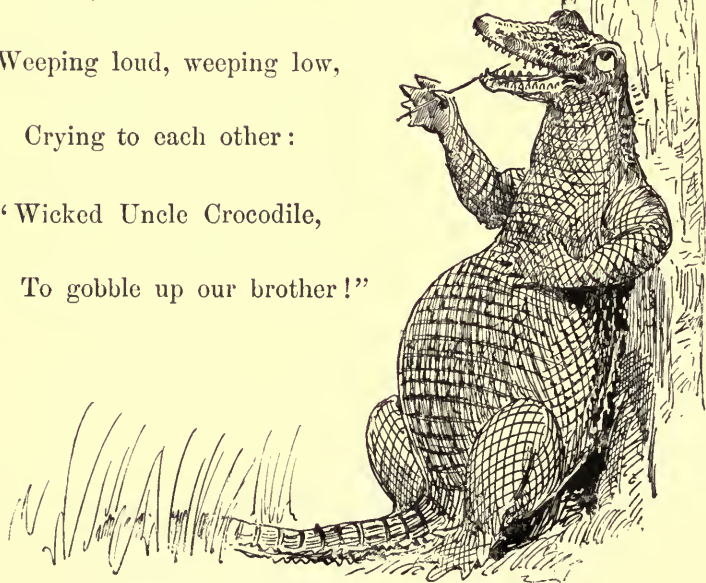
FIVE little monkeys
Swinging from a tree ;
Teasing Uncle Crocodile,
Merry as can be.
Swinging high, swinging low,
Swinging left and right :
“ Dear Uncle Crocodile,
Come and take a bite ! ”

Five little monkeys
Swinging in the air ;
Heads up, tails up,
Little do they care.
Swinging up, swinging down,
Swinging far and near :
“ Poor Uncle Crocodile,
Are n't you hungry, dear ? ”





Four little monkeys
Sitting in the tree ;
Heads down, tails down,
Dreary as can be.
Weeping loud, weeping low,
Crying to each other :
“Wicked Uncle Crocodile,
To gobble up our brother !”





Oh, the pretty painted ladies!
Oh, the naughty painted ladies,
That go running, climbing, running,
All about my cottage door.
Would you have their story, Johnny?
Sit beside me, Sweet-and-bonny!
You shall hear a sadder story
Than you ever heard before.

These were maidens fair and slender,
Some with dove-eyes, brown and tender,
Some with black, and some with blue eyes,
Locks of auburn, locks of gold.
Rosy cheeks, and lips of cherry,
Voices glad and laughter merry,
Ever smiling, ever singing,
Over gay and over bold.

And these maids were ever running,
Watching going, watching coming,
Asking questions of each other
And of every one they knew.
Peeping, peeping, here and yonder,
Ready still to guess and wonder,
"Was it she?" "And did he do it?"
"Tell me quickly!" "Tell me true!"

Oh, the pretty painted ladies!
Oh, the naughty painted ladies!
When the king came riding, riding,
For to seek him out a bride,
How they whispered, how they chattered;
Each herself in secret flattered
She could win him, she could wed him,
In an hour, if she tried.

So they prinked and pranked them gayly,
So they crimped and curled them daily,
Trying ring and trying jewel,
All their beauty to complete.
Not content with Nature's roses,
Fie! their cheeks are painted posies;
And their lips are red and reddest,
But alas! they are not sweet.

Then the king came riding stately,
On his charger set sedately,
With his golden robe about him,
And his crown upon his head.
Oh! a royal port and presence,
Meet for courtly love and pleasance;
Happy, happy is the maiden
He shall woo and he shall wed.

Oh, the pretty painted ladies!
Oh, the naughty painted ladies!
How they leaned from door and window,
Flinging roses 'neath his feet;
Silken robes and jewels shining,
White arms waving, tossing, twining,
Lips that laughed and eyes that languished,
Over bold and over sweet.

But the king looked gravely on them;
Cast no answering glance upon them;
Coldly turned from where they waited
In their beauty, in their pride.
"Find me out some modest maiden,
Not with silks and jewels laden,
One whose pureness, one whose sweetness
Fit her for a royal bride."

Oh, the pretty painted ladies!
Oh, the naughty painted ladies!
Red with shame and white with anger,
Back they pressed against the wall.
As they drew their silks around them,
Lo! some sudden magic bound them,
While they whispered, while they clustered,
Into flowers changed them all.

Glowing cheek and snowy bosom
 Changed to white and ruddy blossom;
 Locks of gold and locks of auburn
 Into tendrils curling green.
 While for silk and satin's shimmer,
 And for jewels' rainbow glimmer,
 Leaves that whispered, leaves that clustered, —
 Only these were to be seen. .

But the pretty painted ladies,
 But the naughty painted ladies,
 Still are running, climbing, running,
 At the window, at the door.
 Peeping, peeping, here and yonder,
 "Is the story true?" you wonder;
 Sure, I heard it from themselves, dear,
 For they tell it o'er and o'er.

SOME FISHY NONSENSE.

TIMOTHY TIGGS and Tomothy Toggs,
 They both went a-fishing for pollothywogs;
 They both went a-fishing
 Because they were wishing
 To see how the creatures would turn into frogs.

Timothy Tiggs and Tomothy Toggs,
 They both got stuck in the bogothybogs;
 They caught a small minnow,
 And said 't was a sin oh!
 That things with no legs should pretend to be frogs.



LADY'S SLIPPER.

Y lady she rose from her bower, her bower,
All under the linden tree.
'T was midnight past, and the fairies' hour,
And up and away must she.



She 's pulled on her slippers of golden yellow,
Her mantle of gossamer green ;
And she 's away to the elfin court,
To wait on the elfin queen.

Oh hone ! my lady's slipper,
Oh hey ! my lady's shoe.
She 's lost its fellow, so golden yellow,
A-tripping it over the dew.

And now she flitted, and now she stepped,
Through dells of the woodland deep,
Where owls were flying awake, awake,
And birds were sitting asleep.

And now she flitted, and now she trod,
Where the mist hung shadowy-white ;
And the river lay gleaming, sleeping, dreaming,
Under the sweet moonlight.

Oh hone ! my lady's slipper,
Oh hey ! my lady's shoe.
She 's lost its fellow, so golden yellow,
A-tripping it over the dew.

And now she passed through the wild marsh-land,
Where the marsh-elves lay asleep ;
And a heron blue was their watchman true,
Good watch and ward for to keep.

But Jack-in-the-Pulpit was wake, awake,
And saw my lady gay ;
And he reached his hand as she fluttered past,
And caught her slipper away.

Oh hone! my lady's slipper,
Oh hey! my lady's shoe.
She's lost its fellow, so golden yellow,
A-tripping it over the dew.

Oh! long that lady she searched and prayed,
And long she wept and besought;
But all would not do, and with one wee shoe
She must dance at the elfin court.

But she *might* have found her slipper, her slipper,
It shone so golden-gay;
For I am no elf, yet I found it myself,
And I brought it home to-day.

Oh hone! my lady's slipper,
Oh hey! my lady's shoe.
She's lost its fellow, so golden yellow,
A-tripping it over the dew.

A LITTLE SONG TO SING TO A LITTLE MAID IN A SWING.

IF I were a fairy king,
(Swinging high, swinging low,)
I would give to you a ring,
(Swinging oh!)
With a diamond set so bright
That the shining of its light
Should make morning of the night,
(Swinging high, swinging low,)
Should make morning of the night.
(Swinging oh!)

On each ringlet as it fell
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
I would tie a golden bell;
 (Swinging oh !)
And the golden bells would chime
In a little merry rhyme,
In the merry summer-time, —
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
In the happy summer-time.
 (Swinging oh !)

You should wear a satin gown
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
All with ribbons falling down;
 (Swinging oh !)
And your little darling feet,
Oh, my Pretty and my Sweet,
Should be shod with silver neat, —
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
Shod with silver slippers neat.
 (Swinging oh !)

All the flowers in the land
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
You should hold in either hand;
 (Swinging oh !)
And the myrtle and the rose
Should spring up beneath your toes,
For to gratify your nose, —
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
For to gratify your nose.
 (Swinging oh !)

But I'm not a fairy, Pet,
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
 Am not even a king as yet;
 (Swinging oh!)
 So all that I can do
 Is to kiss your little shoe,
 And to make a queen of you, —
 (Swinging high, swinging low,)
 Make a fairy queen of you.
 (Swinging oh!)

BETTY IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

Snow, snow, down from the apple-trees,
 Pink and white drifting of petals sweet,
 Kiss her and crown her, our Lady of Blossoming,
 Here as she sits on the apple-tree seat.

Has she not gathered the summer about her?
 Look, how it laughs from her lips and her eyes!
 Think you the sun there would shine on without her?
 Nay! 't is her smile keeps the gray from the skies.

Fire of the rose and snow of the jessamine,
 Gold of the lily-dust hid in her hair;
 Day holds his breath and Night comes up to look at her,
 Leaving their strife for a vision so rare.

Snow, snow, down from the apple-trees,
 Pink and white drifting of petals sweet,
 Kiss her and crown her, and flutter a-down her,
 And carpet the ground for her dear little feet.

BETTY'S SONG.

LITTLE TWO-SHOES,
Little Toddle-toes,
Like a little pretty pinky winky rose,
Come to me, now,
And we'll see, now,
How the rocking-chair away to By-land goes.

With a heigh ho,
And a by-low,
And a swinging, swinging softly to and fro ;
With a sleepy croon,
All about the moon,
How she puts the sleepy stars to beddy oh !

With a hey-day,
And a rock-away,
And a patting down the hands that want to play ;
With a swing swong
In the drowsy song,
That forgets the drowsy words it has to say.

Now the lids close,
Just when no one knows,
And the dimpled flush grows deeper, rose on rose.
Little Two-shoes,
Little Toddle-toes,
With the rocking-chair away to By-land goes.

A NONSENSE TRAGEDY.

BROWN owl sat on a caraway tree,
 Ruffly, puffly, great big owl;
 Who so learned and wise as he?
 Huffly, snuffly, eminent fowl.

Black bat hung by a twig of the tree,
 Blinkety, winkety, blind old bat;
 Paying his court to the bumble-bee,
 Fuzzy bee, buzzy bee, yellow and fat.

"Oh!" said the owl, "but the sun is so bright.
 Blazing, crazing, fiery sun,
 How can I possibly wait till night?
 Sweltering, meltering, not much fun!"



"Oh!" said the bat, "if a cloud would come,
 Showery, lowery, nice gray cloud,
 I'd take my love to my cavern home,
 Happily, flappily, pleased and proud."



"Oh!" said the bee, "but if that be all,
 Whimpering, simpering, blear-eyed bat,
 Yonder's a cloud coming up at your call,
 Scowling, growling, black as your hat."



"Oh!" said the owl and the bat together:

"Rollicky, jollicky, nice fat cloud,

Give us some good, black, thundery weather;

Roar away, pour away, can't be too loud!"



Up came the cloud, spreading far and wide,

Billowy, pillowy, black as night;

Brisk little hurricane sitting inside,

Blow away, strow away, out of sight.

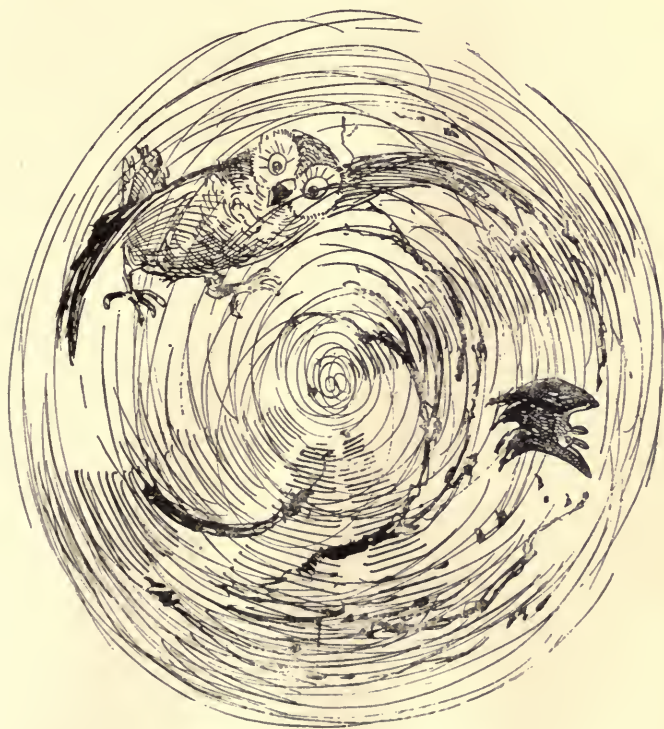
Off went the owl like a thistle-down puff,

Ruffly, huffly, rolled in a ball;

Off went the bat like a candle-snuff,

Fly away, die away, terrible fall.

Off went the twig, and off went the tree,
Crashing, smashing, splintering round;
Nothing was left but the bumble-bee,
And who so merry, so merry as she,
As she laughed, "Ho! ho!" as she laughed, "He! he!
Creep away, sleep away, hole in the ground."



FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

[*Allegro con moto.*]

HERE we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail;
Conductor the tickets is clipping,
Boy has bananas for sale.
Raindrops outside are a-dripping,—
Dripping o'er meadow and vale.
Here we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail.

Clankety clankety clank,
Clinkety clinkety cling;
Five little boys on a bank,
One little girl in a swing.
Fishhawk o'erhead in the distance,
Spreading his wings like a sail.
Here we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail.

"Puck, Life, Frank Leslie, and Harper!
Latest editions, just out!"
Boy is an impudent sharper!
All are last week's, I've no doubt.
"Every new monthly and weekly,
Every new novel and tale!"
Here we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail.

Jogglety jogglety joggle!
Jigglety jigglety jig!
Snuffy old man with a goggle,
Acid old dame with a wig,
Pretty girl peacefully sleeping
Under her gold-spotted veil.
Here we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail.

Now we are duly admonished,
Hartford's the place we reach next;
Cow in the field looks astonished,
Sheep in the pasture perplexed.
Furious puppy pursues us,
Cocking a truculent tail.
Here we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail.

"Lozenges, peanuts, and candy!
Apples and oranges sweet!"
Legs are so frightfully bandy,
Wonder he keeps on his feet.
"All the New York evening papers,—
Times, Tribune, World, Sun, and Mail!"
Here we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail.

Engine goes "Whoosh!" at the station,
Engine goes "Whizz!" o'er the plain;
Horses express consternation,
Drivers remonstrate in vain.
Smoke-witches dancing about us,
Sparks in a fiery train.
Here we go skilfully skipping,
Riding the resonant rail.

Tinklety tinklety tink!
Tunklety tunklety tunk!
Nearing the station, I think.
Where is the check for my trunk?
"Boston!" and "Boston!" and "Boston!"
Home of my fathers, all hail!
Here we go joyfully jumping,
Away from the resonant rail.

SANDY GODOLPHIN.

SANDY GODOLPHIN sat up on the hill,
And up on the hill sat he;
And the only remark he was known to make,
Was "Fiddledy diddledy dee!"

He made it first in the high Hebrew,
And then in the Dutch so low,
In Turkish and Russian and Persian and Prussian,
And rather more tongues than I know.

He made this remark until it was dark,
And he could no longer see;
Then he lighted his lamp, because it was damp,
And gave him the neuralgë.

Sandy Godolphin came down from the hill,
And moaned in a dark despair:
"I've finished," said he, "with my fiddledy dee,
For nobody seems to care."

MY CLOCK.

My little clock, my little clock,
He lives upon the shelf;
He stands on four round golden feet,
And so supports himself.

His face is very white and clean,
His hands are very black;
He has no soap to wash them with,
And suffers from the lack.

He holds them up, his grimy hands,
And points at me all day;
“Make haste, make haste, the moments waste!”
He always seems to say.

“Tick tock! tick tock! I am a clock;
I’m always up to time.
Ding dong! ding dong! the whole day long
My silver warnings chime.

“Tick tock! tick tock! ’t is nine o’clock,
And time to go to school;
Don’t loiter ’mid the buttercups,
Or by the wayside pool.

“Ding dong! tick tock! ’t is two o’clock.
The dinner’s getting cold;
You’d better hurry down, you child,
Or your mamma will scold.

“Tick tock! tick tock! ’t is six o’clock.
You’ve had the afternoon
To play and romp, so now come in;
Your tea’ll be ready soon.

“Tick tock! tick tock! ’t is nine o’clock.
To bed, to bed, my dear!
Sleep sound, until I waken you,
When day is shining clear.”

So through the night and through the day,
My busy little clock,
He talks and talks and talks away,
With ceaseless “tick” and “tock.”

But warning others on his shelf,
All earnest as he stands,
He never thinks to warn himself;
He’ll *never* wash his hands.



MY UNCLE JEHOSHAPHAT.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat had a pig,—
A pig of high degree;
And he always wore a brown scratch wig,
Most beautiful for to see.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat loved this pig,
And the piggywig he loved him;
And they both jumped into the lake one day,
To see which best could swim.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat he swam up,
And the piggywig he swam down;
And so they both did win the prize,
Which the same was a velvet gown.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat wore one half,
And the piggywig wore the other;
And they both rode to town on the brindled calf,
To carry it home to its mother.

ROSY POSY.

THERE was a little Rosy,
And she had a little nosy;
And she made a little posy,
All pink and white and green.
And she said, "Little nosy,
Will you smell my little posy?
For of all the flowers that growsy,
Such sweet ones ne'er were seen."

So she took the little posy,
And she put it to her nosy,
On her little face so rosy,
The flowers for to smell;
And which of them was Rosy,
And which of them was nosy,
And which of them was posy,
You really could not tell!



SICK-ROOM FANCIES.

I.

MY WALL-PAPER.

THE paper roses, blue and red,
 That climbing go about my bed,
 All up and down my chamber wall,
 A-quarrelling one day did fall;
 And as with half-shut eyes I lay,
 'T was thus I heard the roses say :

“You vulgar creature!” cried the Red,
 “I wonder you dare raise your head,
 Much less go flaunting here and there
 With such a proud and perky air.
 I am a rose indeed ; but *you* !
 Who ever heard of roses blue ?
 Your sense of truth, Ma’am, must be small,
 To call yourself a rose at all.”

The Blue Rose proudly raised her head;
"Your humble servant, Ma'am!" she said.
"My family, I own, is far
From being such as you, Ma'am, are.
We blossomed lately in the sky,
A fairy plucked us, floating by,
And flung us down to earth, that we
Might show what roses *ought* to be.
So, while we still adorn the earth,
Our hue attests our skyey birth."



Just then *my* Rose came through the room;
And in her hand, in wondrous bloom,
A lovely snow-white bud she bore,
With diamond dew-drops sprinkled o'er.

She laid it in my hand, and "See,"
 She said, "how fair a rose may be!"
 The paper roses, Blues and Reds,
 For shame hung down their silly heads.
 I watched them, laughing, as I lay,
 But not another word said they.

II.

MY JAPANESE FAN.



I HAVE a friend, a little friend,
 Who lives upon a fan;
 Perhaps he is a woman,
 Perhaps she is a man.

His clothes they are so very queer,
So *very* queer, in sooth,
I sometimes call him "lovely maid,"
And sometimes "gentle youth."

Her hair is combed up straight and smooth
Above his pretty face.
His looks are full of friendliness;
Her attitude, of grace.
And every morning when I wake,
And every evening too,
She greets me with his pleasant smile,
And friendly "How-d'ye-do?"

She wonders why I lie in bed;
He thinks my wisest plan
Would be to come and live with her
Upon a paper fan.
But that, alas! can never be:
And so I never can
Know whether he's a woman,
Or whether she's a man.



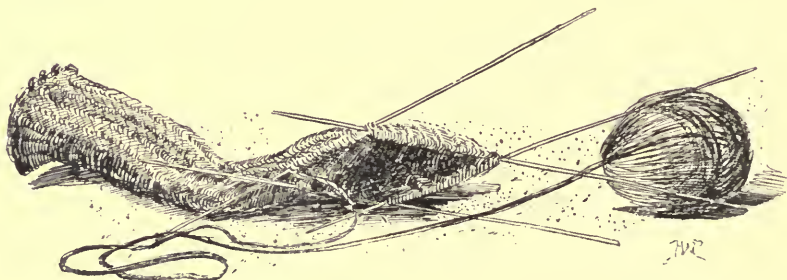
MARJORIE'S KNITTING.

IN the chimney-corner our Marjorie sits,
Softly singing the while she knits.
The fire-light, flickering here and there,
Plays on her face and her shining hair;

And glimmering bright in the fitful glow,
Backward and forward her needles go, —
Backward and forward, swift and true, —
And hark! the needles are singing too.

“One and two and three and four,
Counting and narrowing o’er and o’er;
Knit and rib and seam and purl.
Clickety clackety, good little girl!”

And what is our Marjorie knitting, I pray? ‘
A soft, warm scarf, for a wintry day,
A pair of mittens for schoolboy Fred.
Or some reins for toddling Baby Ned?



I cannot see, in the twilight gray,
How many needles are working away;
But I see them flickering in and out,
And *they* know exactly what they are about.

“One and two and three and four
Counting and narrowing o’er and o’er;
Knit and rib and seam and purl.
Clickety clackety, good little girl!”

The fire is whispering, "Marjorie mine,
'Tis a positive pleasure on you to shine,
From your pretty brown hair, all shining and neat,
Down to your dainty, trim-slippered feet."

The kettle is murmuring, "Marjorie dear,
'Tis all for your sake that I'm bubbling here;
But though I have bubbled both loud and long,
You've ears for nought save those needles' song."



"One and two and three and four,
Counting and narrowing o'er and o'er;
Knit and rib and seam and purl.
Clickety clackety, good little girl!"

Marjorie cheerily works away,
Nor ever her thoughts from her knitting stray.
Whatever it is, 't will be sure to fit,
For loving thoughts in the web are knit.

The kettle may bubble, the fire may burn,
But Marjorie's thoughts they cannot turn;
And I think my heart must be working too,
For it seems to sing as the needles do.

"One and two and three and four,
Counting and narrowing o'er and o'er;
Knit and rib and seam and purl.
Clickety clackety, dear little girl!"

HE AND HIS FAMILY.

His father was a whale,
With a feather in his tail,
Who lived in the Greenland sea;
And his mother was a shark,
Who kept very dark
In the Gulf of Caribbee.
His uncles were a skate,
And a little whitebait,
And a flounder, and a chub beside;
And a lovely pickerèl,
Both a beauty and a belle,
Had promised for to be his bride.
You may think these things are strange,
And they *are* a little change
From the ordinary run, 't is true;
But the queerest thing (to me)
Of all appeared to be,
That *he* was a kangaroo!

EASTER-TIME.

THE little flowers came through the ground,
At Easter-time, at Easter-time;
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter-time.
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day;
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
This happy Easter-time."

The scarlet lily raised its cup,
At Easter-time, at Easter-time;
The crocus to the sky looked up,
At happy Easter-time.
"We hear the song of heaven!" they say;
"Its glory shines on us to-day,
Oh! may it shine on us alway,
At happy Easter-time."

'T was long and long and long ago,
That Easter-time, that Easter-time;
But still the scarlet lilies blow
At happy Easter-time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day;
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter-time."

EASTER.

GIVE flowers to all the children,
This blessed Easter Day, —
Fair crocuses and snowdrops,
And tulips brave and gay ;

Bright nodding daffodillies,
And purple iris tall,
And sprays of silver lilies,
The loveliest of all.

And tell them, tell the children,
How in the dark, cold earth,
The flowers have been waiting
Till spring should give them birth.

All winter long they waited,
Till the south wind's soft breath
Bade them rise up in beauty,
And bid farewell to death.

Then tell the little children
How Christ our Saviour, too,
The flower of all eternity,
Once death and darkness knew.

How, like these blossoms, silent,
Within the tomb he lay ;
Then rose in light and glory,
To live in heaven alway.

So take the flowers, children,
And be ye pure as they ;
And sing of Christ our Saviour,
This blessed Easter Day.

JACKY FROST.

JACKY Frost, Jacky Frost,
Came in the night ;
Left the meadows that he crossed
All gleaming white.
Painted with his silver brush
Every window-pane ;
Kissed the leaves and made them blush,
Blush and blush again.

Jacky Frost, Jacky Frost,
Crept around the house,
Sly as a silver fox,
Still as a mouse.
Out little Jenny came,
Blushing like a rose ;
Up jumped Jacky Frost,
And pinched her little nose.

SUBTRACTION.

Six from four leaves two, Mamma,
Six from four leaves two.
Surely that is right, Mamma,—
Don't you think 'twill do?

Please don't shake your head, Mamma!
Well, it's *nearly* right;
And what difference does it make
If it is n't *quite*?

Hark! the boys are there, Mamma,
Out upon the lawn;
If I don't go soon, Mamma,
They will all be gone.

I would let *you* go, Mamma,
Were I teaching you.
Six from four leaves two—oh dear!

Four from *six* leaves two, Mamma!
Now I have it right.
Well! upon my word, I think
I wasn't very bright.

Dear Mamma, before I go,
Here's a kiss for you.
Four from six leaves two, hurrah!
Four from six leaves two!

GRANDFATHER DEAR.

[*Written for Decoration Day.*]

JONQUIL and daffodil mine,
Lift me your golden-crowned heads!
Cockscomb and peony fine,
Lend me your lordliest reds!
Tying my posy up here,
I must have flowers at will;
They are for Grandfather dear,
There where he sleeps on the hill.

Grandfather dear was a soldier,
Gallant and handsome and young.
Flowers, I'll show you his picture,
Over the shelf where 't is hung.
Yes, and his sword hangs beneath it,
The sword that he waved as he fell,
Fighting on Winchester Field, —
The field he was holding so well.

So when the year 's at the sweetest,
Mother and Grandmother dear
And I, we go gathering flowers,
So sweet as they 're blossoming here.
And when Grandfather looks down from heaven,
As he looks, and looks lovingly still,
He smiles as he sees his own flowers,
All shining and sweet on the hill.



GATHERING APPLES.

Down in the orchard, down in the orchard,
Under the gold-apple tree,
One little maid and two little maids
Frolic, merry and free.

Brown as a berry, red as a rose,
Sweeter maidens nobody knows.

"What are you doing, Marjorie?
Marjorie, tell to me?"

Up she lifted her curly head,
(Oh, but her cheeks were rosy-red!)
Shaking her curls right saucily,
"I'm gathering apples!" said she, said she,
"I'm gathering apples!" said she.

Down in the orchard, down in the orchard,
Under the gold-apple tree,
Softly treading, the farmer came,
Peeping so warily.

Six feet high from his head to his toes;
A jollier farmer nobody knows.

"What are you doing, farmer, pray ?

Jolly old farmer, say !"

Up he caught them both in his arms ;

Oh, the shrieks, the merry alarms !

Closer clasping them lovingly,

"I'm gathering apples !"

said he, said he,

"I'm gathering apples !"

said he.



THE BALLAD OF THE BEACH.

"TAKE off thy stockings, Samuel!

Now take them off, I pray;

Roll up thy trousers, Samuel,

And come with me to play.

"The ebbing tide has left the sand

All hard and smooth and white,

And we will build a goodly fort,

And have a goodly fight."

Then Samuel he pullèd off

His hose of scarlet hue,

And Samuel he rollèd up

His breeches darkly blue.

And hand-in-hand with Reginald,

He hied him to the beach;

Each little boy a shovel had,

And eke a pail had each.

Then down upon the shining sand

Right joyfully they sat;

And far upon the shining sand

Each tossed his broad-brimmed hat.

Then valiantly to work they went,

Like sturdy lads and true;

And there they built a stately fort,

The best that they might do.

“Now sit we down within the walls,
Which rise above our head,
And we will make us cannon-balls
Of sand, as good as lead.”

Now as they worked, these little boys,
Full glad in heart and mind,
The creeping tide came back again,
To see what it could find.

The creeping tide came up the sand,
To see what it could do;
And there it found two broad-brimmed hats,
With ribbons red and blue.

And “See now!” said the creeping tide;
“These hats belong, I trow,
To Reginald and Samuel;
I saw them here but now.”

And “See now!” said the creeping tide;
“What hinders me to float
These hats out to the boys’ mamma,
Is sailing in a boat?”

Then up there came two little waves,
All rippling so free;
They lifted up the broad-brimmed hats,
And bore them out to sea.

The ribbons red and ribbons blue
Streamed gallantly away;
The straw did glitter in the sun,
Were never craft so gay!

The mother of these little lads
Was sailing on the sea;
And now she laughed, and now she sang,
And who so blithe as she?

And "Look!" she said; "what things be these
That dance upon the wave,
All fluttering and glittering
And sparkling so brave?

"Now row me well, my brethren, twain,
Now row me o'er the sea!
For we will chase these tiny craft,
And see what they may be."

They rowed her fast, they rowed her well,—
Too well, those gallants true;
For when she reached the broad-brimmed hats,
Right well those hats she knew.

"Alas!" she cried; "my little lads
Are drownèd in the sea!"
Then down she sank in deadly swoon,
As pale as she might be.

They rowed her well, those gallants gay,
They rowed her to the land;
They lifted up that lady pale,
And bore her up the strand.

But as they bore her up the beach,
The balls began to fly,
And hit those gallants on the nose,
And hit them in the eye.

They lookèd here, they lookèd there,
To see whence this might be;
And soon they spied a stately fort,
Beside the salt, salt sea.

And straight from out the stately fort
The balls were flying free;
Each gallant rubbed his smitten nose,
And eke his eye rubbed he.

They looked within the stately fort,
To see who aimed so well;
And there was little Reginald,
And youthful Samuel.

They lifted up those little lads,
Each by his waisty-band;
And down beside that lady pale
They set them on the sand.

And first that lady waxed more pale,
And syne she waxed full red;
And syne she kissed those little boys,
But not a word she said.

Then up and spoke those gallants gay,
"You naughty little chaps,
Your poor mamma you've frightened sore,
And made her ill, perhaps.

"And if you are not shaken well,
And if you are not spanked,
It will not be your uncles' fault;
So *they* need not be thanked."

Then up and spoke those little lads,
All mournful as they sat;
And each did cry, "Ah, woe is me!
I've lost — my nice — new — hat!"

Then up and spoke that lady fair,
"Nay, nay, my little dears,
You sha' n't be spanked! so come with me,
And wipe away your tears.

"There be more hats in Boston town,
For little boys to wear;
And as for those that you have lost,
I pray their voyage be fair.

"For since I have my little lads,
The hats may sail away
Around the world and back again,
Forever and a day!"

THE BOOTS OF A HOUSEHOLD.

[*After Mrs. Hemans.*]

THEY came in beauty, side by side,
They filled one house with noise;
And now they're trotting far and wide,
On feet of girls and boys.

The self-same shoemaker did bend
O'er every heel and toe;
Shaped all their upper leathers fair,—
Where are those leathers now?

One pair is kicking 'gainst the bench,
The patient bench, at school;
And two are wading through the mud,
And splashing in the pool.

"The sea, the blue, lone sea," hath one.
He left it on the beach;
A merry wave came dancing up,
And bore it out of reach.

One sleeps where depths of slimy bog
Are glossed with grasses o'er;
One hasty plunge — it loosed its hold,
And sank to rise no more.

One pair — aha! I see them now,
And know them past all doubt;
For through each leather, gaping wide,
A rosy toe peeps out.

And parted thus, old, dusty, torn,
They travel far and wide,
Who in the shop, in shining rows,
Sat lately side by side.

And thus they frolic, frolic there,
And thus they caper here;
But great and small, and torn and all,
To mother's heart are dear.

[N.B. — *Also to father's purse.*]

THE PALACE

It's far away under the water,
And it's far away under the sea,
There's a beautiful palace a-waiting
For my little Rosy and me.



The roof is made of coral,
And the floor is made of pearl,
And over it all the great waves fall
With a terrible tumble and whirl.

The fishes swim in at the window,
And the fishes swim out at the door,
And the lobsters and eels go dancing quadrilles
All over the beautiful floor.



There's a silver throne at one end,
And a golden throne at the other ;
And on them you see, as plain as can be,
"Queen Rosy" and "Queen Mother."

And I will sit on the silver throne,
And Rosy shall sit on the gold ;
And there we will stay, and frolic and play,
Until we're a thousand years old.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.



Do you see that stately column,
 Children dear,
 Lifting its gray head to heaven,
 Year by year?
 Telling of the battle fought,
 Telling of the good work wrought,
 Telling of the victory bought,
 Bought so dear!

Oh! the costly blood that flowed,
 Children mine!
 Fast as from the purple grapes
 Flows the wine!
 Oh! the heroes lying dead!
 Oh! the women's hearts that bled!
 Oh! the bitter tears they shed,
 Children mine!

Long ago the tears were dried,
 Children dear!
 Long ago the weepers died,
 Year by year.
 But the column old and gray
 Tells the story day by day.
 "Victory!" it seems to say.
 "Victory's here!"

MAY.

Is there anything new to sing about you,

May, my dear ?

Any unhackneyed thing about you,

Pray, my dear ?

Anything that has not been sung

Long ago, when the world was young,

By silver throat and golden tongue ?

Say, my dear !

So many have said that your eyes are blue,

May, my dear ; “

It must be a tiresome fact, though true,

May, my dear.

And if I, for one, my gracious Queen,

Should boldly assert that your eyes are green,

'T would be a relief to you, I ween.

Eh, my dear ?

We know, at the touch of your garment's fold,

May, my dear,

The daisies come starring with white and gold

The way, my dear ;

We know that the painted blossoms all

Come starting up at your gentle call,

By dale and meadow and garden wall,

May, my dear.

We know that your birds have the sweetest tune,

May, my dear;

And lovers love best beneath your moon,

They say, my dear.

And I might add that your perfumed kiss

Is considered productive of highest bliss;

But you must be *so* tired of hearing this.

Eh, my dear?

No, I really don't think there's anything fresh

Or new, my dear;

For life is short, and available rhymes

Are few, my dear.

So if I say nought about vernal bowers,

And forbear to mention the sunlit showers,

I think I shall make the best use of my powers.

Don't you, my dear?

And yet — yet I cannot help loving you so,

May, my dear,

That the old words, whether I will or no,

I say, my dear.

And how you are fair, and how you are sweet,

My loving lips forever repeat, —

And is this the reason you pass so fleet?

Ah, stay, my dear!



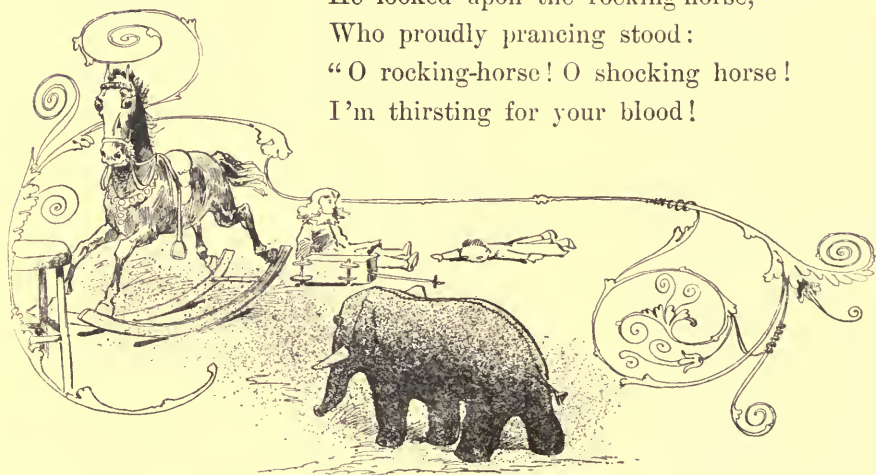
GREGORY GRIGGS.

GREGORY GRIGGS, Gregory Griggs,
Had forty-seven different wigs ;
He wore them up, and he wore them down,
To please the people of Boston town.
He wore them east, and he wore them west,
But he never could tell which he liked the best.

A NURSERY TRAGEDY.

It was a lordly elephant,
His name, his name was Sprite;
He stood upon the nursery floor,
All ready for a fight.

He looked upon the rocking-horse,
Who proudly prancing stood:
"O rocking-horse! O shocking horse!
I'm thirsting for your blood!



"How dare you stand and look at me,
You ugly snorting thing?
Know, that of every living beast,
The elephant is king!

“And if a person looks at me,
Unless I give him leave,
He’s very apt to meet his death
Too swiftly for reprieve.

“You are the most unpleasant beast
I e’er have looked on yet;
Although the stupid children here
Will make of you a pet.

“I hate your tail of waving hair!
I hate your bits of brass!
But more, oh, more than all, I hate
Your gleaming eyes of glass!

“Were you of cotton-flannel made,
As nursery beasts should be,
With eyes of good black boot-buttons,
You then might look at me.

“I might forgive your want of tusks,
Your lack of trunk forgive;
But that wild, goggling, glassy glare —
No! never, while I live!

“So get you gone, you rocking-horse!
Go to your closet-shed,
And there, behind the wood-basket,
Conceal your ugly head!”

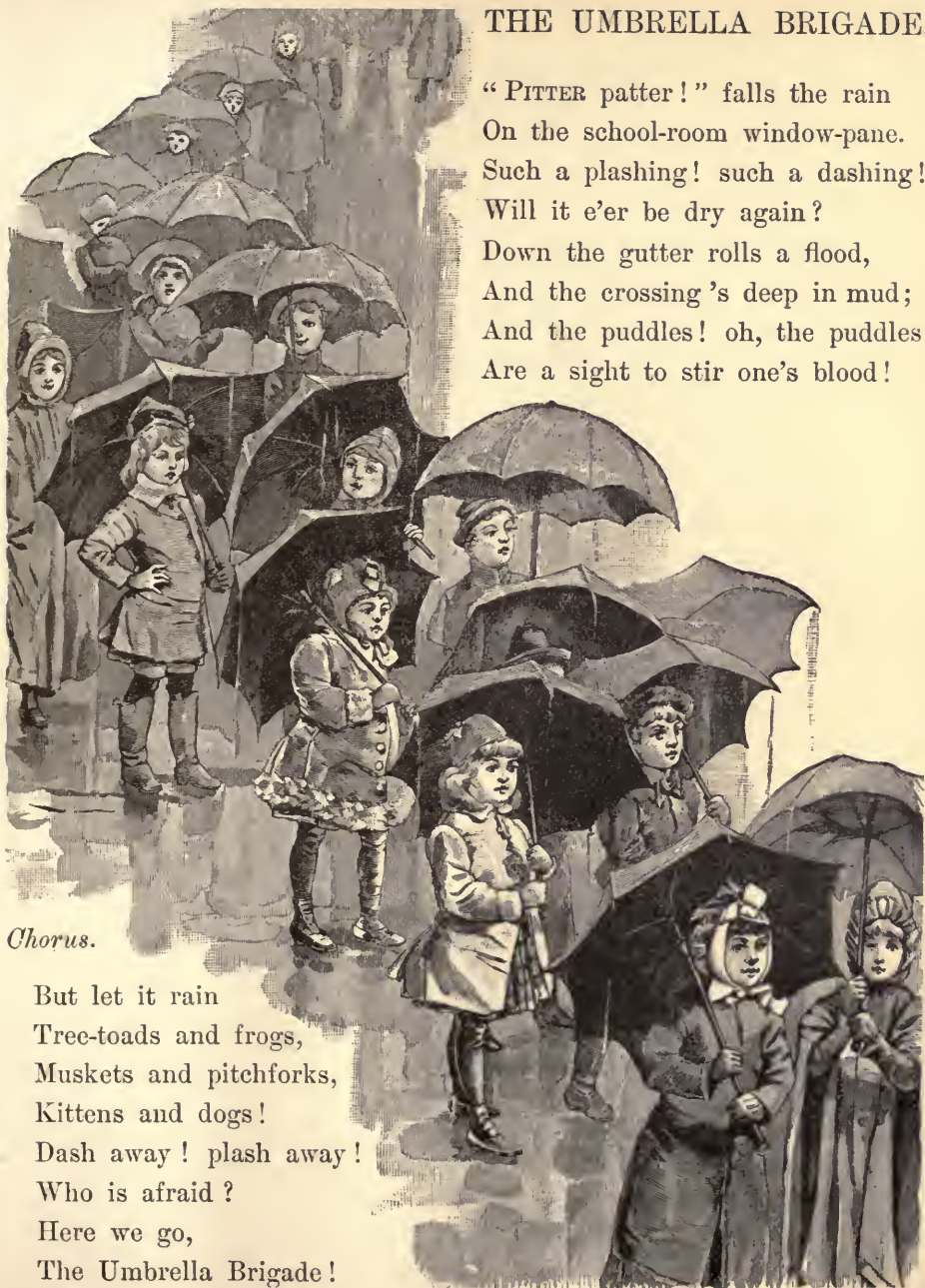
But as the elephant thus did scold
And rage and fume and roar,
The rocking-horse rocked over him,
And crushed him to the floor.



THE UMBRELLA BRIGADE.

"PITTER patter!" falls the rain
On the school-room window-pane.
Such a plashing! such a dashing!
Will it e'er be dry again?

Down the gutter rolls a flood,
And the crossing's deep in mud;
And the puddles! oh, the puddles
Are a sight to stir one's blood!



Chorus.

But let it rain
Tree-toads and frogs,
Muskets and pitchforks,
Kittens and dogs!
Dash away! plash away!
Who is afraid?
Here we go,
The Umbrella Brigade!

Pull the boots up to the knee !
Tie the hoods on merrily !
Such a hustling ! such a jostling !
Out of breath with fun are we.
Clatter, clatter, down the street,
Greeting every one we meet,
With our laughing and our chaffing,
Which the laughing drops repeat.

Chorus. So let it rain
Tree-toads and frogs,
Muskets and pitchforks,
Kittens and dogs !
Dash away ! plash away !
Who is afraid ?
Here we go,
The Umbrella Brigade !

THE PRINCESS IN SATURN AND THE RED MAN IN
MARS.

THERE once was a princess both fair and tall,
Who did not live on this earth at all.
She lived up in Saturn,
And she was a pattern
Of every accomplishment, great and small;
The graces and virtues, she had them all.

Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, she had them pat;
And she played on the sackbut! think of that!
And she sang so sweet,
All the birds at her feet
With envy and sorrow fell down quite flat;
I've been told they fell down quite remarkably flat.

Now all the princes and all the kings
Who lived in Saturn and all his rings,
They came and knelt
Where the princess dwelt;
And they brought her all sorts of beautiful things,—
Oh! quite an assortment of elegant things.

For one king brought her a diamond hat;
And another presented a two-legged cat;
While another one said,
“When my uncle is dead,
I will give you his monkey. Be sure of that!
His talented monkey; depend upon that!”

One powerful prince, with a haughty stride,
Came forward and said, "If you'll be my bride,
You shall have the Great Bear
To powder your hair,
And the small one to lace up your boots beside,—
To lace up your boots, and to shine them beside."

But the princess sighed; and softly she said,
"Alas! not one of you all can I wed.
'T is my positive plan
To marry a man
Who lives up in Mars, and is painted red,—
From his head to his feet, quite a violent red.

"I have often looked through my opera-glass,
And up and down I have seen him pass;
And so bright was his hue,
And so lovely to view,
I felt that in him lay my fate, alas!
I read in his red my own fate, alas!

"So now, if you love me as fond and true
As all of you think that all of you do,
You will help me to wed
My 'Study in Red.'
Oh, kings and princes, now pray you, do!
You *dear* kings and princes, I beg of you, do!"

The kings and princes arose with a frown,
And first they looked up, and then they looked down.
Not a man of them spoke
Till he'd straightened his cloak,
And settled his wig, and adjusted his crown.



THE PRINCESS IN SATURN.

And then, "If you honestly wish," they said,
"To marry a man who is *painted red*"
(In Saturn, I ween,
All the people are green),
"We don't know that there's anything more to be said,—
Your Highness, there seems nothing more to be said."

So they called a comet, and told him to go
To the Red Man in Mars, and give him to know
That a princess in Saturn,
Of virtues the pattern,
Desired to marry him, whether or no,—
Was determined to marry him, whether or no.

Away whizzed the comet, and soon he came
To the Red Man in Mars, and called him by name.
And telling his news,
Begged him not to refuse
To send back an answer at once to the same,—
"Just you make up your mind in regard to the same!"

But the Red Man sighed, and mournfully said,
"My friend, 't is our law that all wives *must* be red;
And if I should be seen
With a wife who is green,
Our king would be apt at removing my head,—
Not a moment he'd lose in removing my head.

"But if the young lady (who's surely most kind),
Could in any way make up her princessly mind
To turn *herself red*,
It need hardly be said
That a lover devoted in me she would find,—
That a husband adoring in me she would find."

The comet whizzed back with the answer again,
And the kings and the princes received it with pain.
“Sure, the princess’s green
Has so brilliant a sheen,
That the thought of a change is exceedingly vain,—
The idea of a change is prepost’rously vain.”

But when the princess this message heard,
She said, “I see nothing in this that’s absurd.”
Then to blush she began;
And she blushed till the Man
In Mars was less ruddy by half, on my word,—
Less red by a generous half, on my word!

She blushed over cheek and lip and brow,
From her fair little head to her trim little toe.
And her hat and her shoe,
And her farthingale too,
They blushed just as red as herself, I vow,—
They blushed for the love of herself, I vow.

She blushed till the Northern Lights grew pale;
And the Scorpion danced on the tip of his tail;
And the Red Man came
In a fiery flame,
And cried, “My bee-yutiful bride, all hail!
My blushing, bee-yutiful bride, all hail!”

And so they were married, both he and she,
And the color of both was quite scarlet to see.
And they lived, the tale says,
To the end of their days,
As happy, as happy, as happy could be:
Sure, no other couple so happy could be.

For she loved him in Hebrew, and likewise in Greek,
And the Latin tongue also she freely did speak.
And the sackbut she'd play
Every hour in the day,
Till the Red Man in Mars would with ecstacy squeak, —
Till her cochineal husband with rapture would squeak.

But the people in Saturn were sad, I ween,
And evermore greener they grew, and more green;
And the princes and kings
Said such heartbreaking things,
In these mirth-loving pages they must not be seen:
I really must stop,
And the subject must drop,
For it won't do at all for such things to be seen.

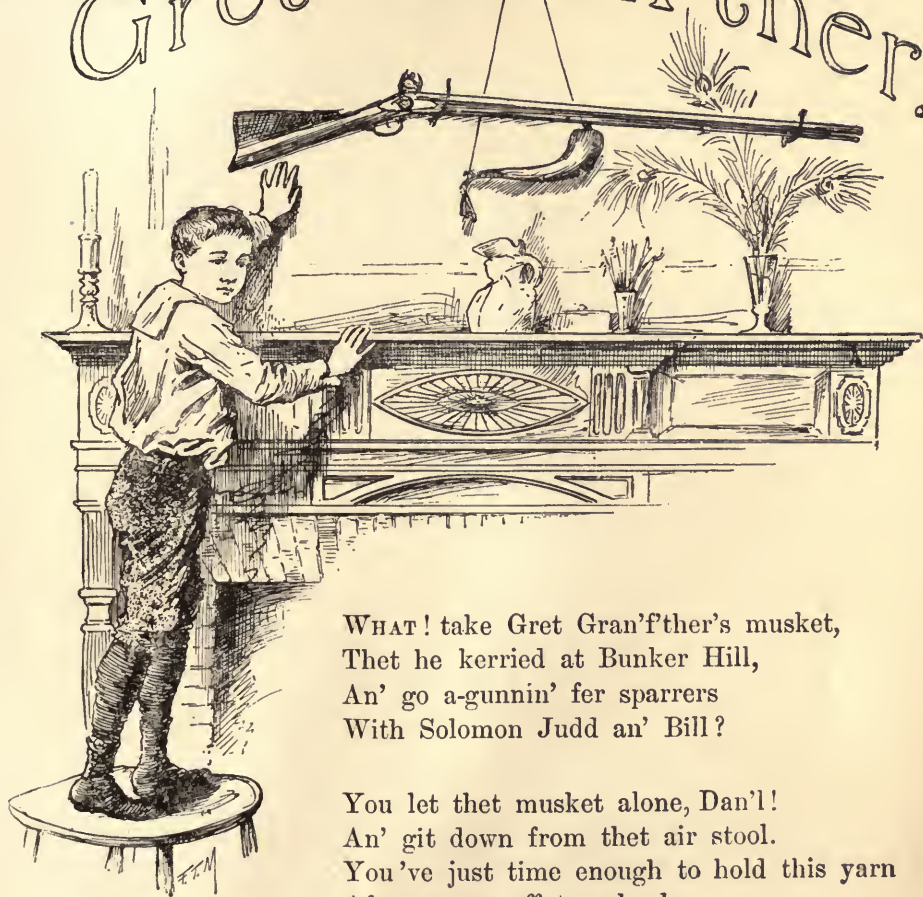
WIGGLE AND WAGGLE AND BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

WIGGLE and Waggle and Bubble and Squeak,
They went their fortunes for to seek;
They went to sea in a chicken-coop,
And they lived on mulligatawney soup.

Wiggle and Waggle and Bubble and Squeak,
They cooked their soup every day in the week;
They cooked their soup in a chimney-pot,
For there the water was always hot.

Wiggle and Waggle and Bubble and Squeak.
Each gave the other one's nose a tweak;
They tweaked so hard that it took their breath,
And so they met an untimely death.

Gret Gran'f'ather.



WHAT! take Gret Gran'f'ather's musket,
Thet he kerried at Bunker Hill,
An' go a-gunnin' fer sparrers
With Solomon Judd an' Bill?

You let thet musket alone, Dan'l!
An' git down from thet air stool.
You've just time enough to hold this yarn
Afore ye go off to school.

Thar! don't ye wriggle an' twist, sonny!
The yarn's fer yer own new socks;
It's safer to hold than muskets,
With their triggers an' riggers an' locks.

A musket to shoot at sparrers!
Wal, boys is up to sech tricks!
An' thet old un, too, thet ain't ben tetched
Sence seventeen seventy-six!

But I set more store by its rusty stock,
Than the finest money could buy;
An' if you'll stan' stiddy, Dan'l,
I'll tell ye the reason why.

You never seed Gret Gran'f'ther,
But you've seed his pictur, boy,
With the smilin' mouth, an' the big brown eyes
Jes' brimmin' with life and joy.

Wal! he war' n't like thet when I seed him,
But his sperrit was lively still,
Fer all his white hair an' empty sleeve,
As it was at Bunker Hill.

An' many's the time he's told me,
Settin' here in this very cheer,
Of the fust time he shouldered thet musket,
In the Continental year.

How out in the field a-mowin',
He seed the bay'nets glance,
An' ran fer his gun with a lighter heart
Than ever he went to a dance.

Jest as he was,—in his shirt-sleeves
(Fer the day was warm and bright),
An' no hat,—but shoulderin' his musket,
Gret Gran'f'ther went to the fight.



An' thar upon Bunker hillside,
Whar the smoke hung thiek an' gray.
He went a-gunnin' fer redecoats,
As you'd go fer sparrers to-day.

Hey! but the balls were whistlin'!
An' the flashes kem thick an' fast;
But whose-ever musket hed fust word,
Gret Gran'f'ther's hed the last.

Then a gunner was shot beside him,
Thet handled a six-pound gun,
An' they called fer a man to tend her;
An' Gran'f'ther said he was one.

"I ain't never fired a gun," said he,
"But I'll do my prideful best;
An' ef all you want is a man, Colonel,
Mebbe I'm as good as the rest."

An' I reckon he was! fer he stood thar,
An' fired thet six-pound gun,
Till every redcoat within his range
Hed either dropped or run.

Then all of a suddent thar kem a crack,
A flash an' a twinge an' a thrill,
An' Gran'f'ther's right arm dropped by his side,
An' hung thar, limp an' still.

Jest fer a moment, I've heard him say,
The hull world seemed to reel;
An' a hummin' sound went through his ears,
Like Gran'm'ther's spinnin'-wheel.

But he hed n't no time for faintin',
Nor he hed n't no time for pain;
"It's well I'm left-handed!" says Gran'f'ther,
An' he fired the gun again.

Bimeby, when the Colonel found him,
Arter the fight was done,
He was lyin,' all black like a nigger,
An' senseless, along by his gun.

Then the boys made a kind o' stretcher,
An' jest as they laid him a-top,
"The balls was all gone," he says, "Colonel,
So I was obleeged to stop."

Yes! thet was the way Gret Gran'f'ther fit,
An' the way he lost his arm;
But he shot with his left till the land was free,
An' then he kem back to the farm.

An' he laid his musket acrost them hooks,
An' thar it's laid to this day;
An' spite o' you an' the sparrers, Dan'l,
Thar's whar it's a-goin' to stay.

The school-bell! run now, sonny boy!
An' thank ye fer standin' still.
What's thet? Ay! Hurrah fer Gret Gran'f'ther!
An' hurrah fer Bunker Hill!



DAY DREAMS.

WHITE wings over the water,
Fluttering, fluttering over the sea,
White wings over the water,
What are you bringing to me?
A fairy prince in a golden boat,
With golden ringlets that fall and float,
A velvet cap, and a taffety cloak,
This you are bringing to me.

Fairy, fairy princekin,
Sailing, sailing hither to me,
Silk and satin and velvet,
What are you coming to see?
A little girl in a calico gown,
With hair and eyes of dusky brown,
Who sits on the wharf of the fishing-town,
Looking away to sea.



DAY DREAMS.

Golden, golden sunbeams,
Touch me now with your wands of gold;
Make me a beautiful princess,
Radiant to behold.



Blue and silver and ermine fine,
Diamond drops that flash and shine;
So shall I meet this prince of mine,
Fairer than may be told.

White wings over the water,
Fluttering ever farther away;
Dark clouds shrouding the sunbeams,
Sullen and cold and gray.
Back I go in my calico gown,
Back to the hut in the fishing-town.
And oh, but the night shuts darkly down
After the summer day!



THE BATTLE.

[All the children march, each singing a verse in turn, and all joining in the refrain.]

I AM a German,
 Marching, marching.
 I am a German,
 Tum tum tum!
 Musket on shoulder,
 Who could be bolder,
 Tramping away at the sound of the drum.

Chorus. Bang! bang! bang!
 Hear the muskets rattle!
 Bang! bang! bang! bang!
 Now we'll have a battle.
 Shoot 'em through the head,
 Run 'em through the body!
 He who runs away
 Is called a Hoddy-Doddy.¹

[Repeat after each verse.]

I am a Frenchman,
 Marching, marching.
 I am a Frenchman,
 Tum tum tum!
 First at the front,
 I will bear the battle's brunt,
 Tramping away at the sound of the drum.

¹ "Though you're such a Hoddy-Doddy!" — *Edward Lear*.

I am an Englishman,
 Marching, marching.
I am an Englishman,
 Tum tum tum !
Let the foeman meet me !
Where's the one to beat me ?
Tramping away at the sound of the drum.

I am an Irishman,
 Marching, marching.
I am an Irishman,
 Tum tum tum !
When the battle's ready,
Who'll be there but Paddy ?
Tramping away at the sound of the drum.

[*All together.*]

We are the regiment,
 Marching, marching.
We are the regiment,
 Tum tum tum !
Let the trumpets blow,
As we rush to meet the foe,
With a tan tan tara ! at the sound of the drum.

THE STRANGE BEAST.

FOUR gay gallants of London town
Went out to walk on Horsley Down;
And there they saw a beast,
The like of which had ne'er been seen
In Cheapside or in Strand, I ween,
In West-side or in East.

Its legs were four, its tail was one,
So one gallant swore by the sun
It therefore was a horse;
"Nay!" cried the next, "this talk is idle.
If 'twere a horse, 't would have a bridle,
A saddle, too, of course."

"It has a horn, you will perceive,
We'll therefore call it, by your leave,
A unicorn of pride."
The others vowed by stick and fiddle
The unicorn wore his horn in the middle,
And not upon the side.

"I call't a lion!" said the third.
"Nay!" cried the fourth, "that's *too* absurd!
The creature has no mane.
To one who has a judgment fair,
It would appear to be a bear;
And this I will maintain."

The beast (I'll tell the secret now!
'T was Farmer Giles's one-horned cow,
Her other horn was broken)
Advanced, meanwhile, toward the four,
And as 'twas supper-time and more,
Mooed loud, by way of token.

With shriek and scream those gallants gay
To London town fled back away,
As fast as they might fare.
And when at home they stopped to rest 'em,
A whole menagerie had chased 'em,
As every one could swear.

A GARDEN JINGLE.

THREE little peas,
Three little peas,
Three little peas in a pod.
The pod it was green,
And fair to be seen,
But they wanted to go abroad.

And "Oh," said they,
"To be far away,
Out in the air so green!
To flutter and fly
Like the birds that go by!
We would envy nor king nor queen."

Three little peas,
Three little peas,
Three little peas in a pod.
My Harry he took them,
And rattled and shook them,
And fired them all abroad.

The first one fell
Right into the well,
And learned how to float and swim.
The second did fly
Into Roderick's eye,
And sorely disgusted him.

But the third little pea,
Right venturesomely,
Straight up in the air it flew;
And it stared in surprise
With both of its eyes,
To find that the air was blue.

THE BABY GOES TO BOSTON.

WHAT does the train say?
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle!
What does the train say?
Jiggle joggle jee!
Will the little baby go
Riding with the loco?
Loky moky poky stoky
Smoky choky chee!

Ting! ting! the bells ring,
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle!
Ting! ting! the bells ring,
Jiggle joggle jee!
Ring for joy because we go
Riding with the loco,
Loky moky poky stoky
Smoky choky chee!

Look! how the trees run,
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle!
Each chasing t'other one,
Jiggle joggle jee!
Are they running for to go
Riding with the loco?
Loky moky poky stoky
Smoky choky chee!

Over the hills now,
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle!
Down through the vale below,
Jiggle joggle jee!
All the cows and horses run,
Crying, "Won't you take us on,
Loky moky poky stoky
Smoky choky chee?"

So, so, the miles go,
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle!
Now it's fast and now it's slow,
Jiggle joggle jee!
When we're at our journey's end,
Say good-by to snorting friend,
Loky moky poky stoky
Smoky choky chee!

THE FLAG IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

[*Written for the Central Street Grammar School, Gardiner, Me., Dec. 20, 1889.*]

GODDESS Freedom, look abroad
From thy snowy mount to-night!
In all thy realm so fair and broad,
Thou shalt not see a fairer sight.
Youthful hearts, so glad and free,
Paying homage due to thee:
Youthful voices, fresh and strong,
Singing thine immortal song.

As the stars with many a ray
Deck thy banner's azure field,
So these children stand to-day,
Stars of hope upon thy shield.
May each boy, to manhood grown,
Ever, Freedom, be thine own;
Now thy nursling, frail and tender,
Then thy strength and thy defender.

In the years that are to come,
Be they dark or be they bright,
Make in these young hearts thy home,
Raise them to thy lofty height.
Keep them still, in manhood's glow,
Pure as is our northern snow;
Keep their faith, till life be done,
Bright as is our northern sun!

JOHNNY JUMP-UP.

Who wakes earliest in the morn?
Sure you'll think it is the lark,
Who before the daylight's born,
Rises singing through the dark.

But though sweet the lark may carol,
Early to his mate may call,
Johnny Jump-up, Johnny Jump-up,
Carols loud before them all.

Who wakes latest in the night
When the sun is gone to bed,
When each tiny blossom bright
Nods in sleep its pretty head?

Other babies all are sleeping,
Mother's eyelids droop and fall.
Johnny Jump-up, Johnny Jump-up,
Waketh later than them all.

Johnny's eyes are very lovely,
Johnny's eyes are very blue;
But one hardly cares to see them
Snap and dance the whole night through.

Johnny's laugh is clear and ringing,
Tinkling like a silver bell;
But a child should *not* be singing
Morning, noon, and night as well.

Johnny Jump-up, Johnny Jump-up,
Rules us with his tiny hand;
Lord and master, king and kaiser,
In the realm of Nurseryland.

Take your pleasure without measure;
Laugh and crow, and whoop and call!
Johnny Jump-up, Johnny Jump-up,
We're your faithful servants all!

THE OUTLANDISHMAN.

THE Outlandishman came o'er the sea, o'er the sea,
In a skipaway flipaway boat;
And who so merry, so merry as he,
As soon as he got afloat?

He sat on the poop to gobble his soup
With a spoon, with a spoon of the best;
And part of his fast he broke on the mast,
And smashed on the bowsprit the rest.

He lowered his line in the deep, in the deep,
And invited the fishlikins up;
Then he hung them in rows in front of his nose,
And wished it were time to sup.

Then the Bottlegreen Bovis arose, arose,
And asked was he game for a fight;
But he seized on the anchor and threw it with rancor,
And the foe-fish retired from sight.

He danced on the deck with never a check
Till the clock, till the clock struck nine.
And his eyes did wink, and he sang "tink a tink!"
In the mowl of the merry moonshine.

Lo! all of these things the Outlandishman did,
As he sailed, as he sailed on the sea.
Yea, more! yea, more! both sorry and sore,
But you never shall learn them from me.

A SLEIGH-RIDE.

Ting! ring! the sleigh-bells jingle
Merrily over the frozen snow.
Cheeks a-glow and ears a-tingle,
Tumble in, children, here we go!

Ting! ring! the sleigh-bells jingle!
Get along, Dobbin! go along, Jack!
Bells and voices merrily mingle,
Swift we fly as an arrow's track.

Ting! ring! the sleigh-bells jingle!
Nose cold, Tommy? Here, rub it with snow!
Toes ache, Ned? Just kick till they tingle,
Thump! thump! thump! on the dasher, so!

Ting! ring! the sleigh-bells jingle!
Snow-wreaths fly like a snow-sea's foam.
Sweet bells, sweet laugh, hark! how they mingle!
Tumble out, children, here we're at home!

THE LITTLE GNOME



ONCE there lived a little gnome
Who had made his little home
Right down in the middle of the earth, earth, earth.
He was full of fun and frolic,
But his wife was melancholic,
And he never could divert her into mirth, mirth, mirth.

He had tried her with a monkey
 And a parrot and a donkey,
 And a pig that squealed whene'er he
 pulled its tail, tail, tail.
 But though he laughed himself
 Into fits, the jolly elf,
 Still his wifey's melancholy did not
 fail, fail, fail.

"I will hie me," said the gnome,
 "From my worthy earthy home;
 I will go among the dwellings of the
 men, men, men.



THE BLINKING BEAR.



THE PATTYPOL.

*Something funny there must be,
 That will make her say 'He, he!'
 I will find it and will bring it her
 again, 'gain, 'gain."*

So he travelled here and there,
 And he saw the Blinking Bear,
 And the Pattypol whose eyes are in his
 tail, tail, tail.
 And he saw the Linking Gloon,
 Who was playing the bassoon,
 And the Octopus a-waltzing with the whale,
 whale, whale.

He saw the Chingo Chee,
 And a lovely sight was he,
 With a ringlet and a ribbon on his nose,
 nose, nose,



THE LINKING GLOON.



THE OCTOPUS AND WHALE

And the Baggie, and the Wogg,
And the Cantilunar Dog,
Who was throwing cotton-flannel at
his foes, foes, foes.

All these the little gnome
Transported to his home,
And set them down before his weep-
ing wife, wife, wife;
But she only cried and cried,
And she sobbywobbed and sighed,
Till she really was in danger of her
life, life, life.

Then the gnome was in despair,
And he tore his purple hair,
And he sat him down in sorrow on a
stone, stone, stone.

"I, too," he said, "will cry,
Till I tumble down and die,
For I've had enough
of laughing all
alone,
'lone,
'lone."



THE BAGGLE.



THE WOGG.



THE CHINGO CHEE.


His tears they flowed away,
Like a rivulet at play,
With a bubble, gubble, rubble, o'er the ground, ground, ground.
But when this his wifey saw,
She loudly cried "Haw, haw!
Here at last is something funny you have found, found, found."

She laughed, "Ho, ho! he, he!"
And she chuckled loud with glee,
And she wiped away her little husband's tears, tears, tears.
And since then, through wind and weather,
They have said "He, he!" together,
For several hundred thousand merry years, years, years.




THE CANTILUNAR DOG.

THE LITTLE DUTCHESS



NCE there lived a little Dutchess,
Just beside the Zuyder Zee ;
Short and stout and roly-poly,
As a Dutchess ought to be.



She had pigs and she had poultry,
She had lands and she had gold ;
And she loved the Burgomaster, —
Loved him more than can be told.

“ Surly, burly Burgomaster,
Will you have me for your love ?
You shall be my pouter-pigeon,
I will be your turtle-dove.

“ You shall have my China porkers,
You shall have each Dorking hen ;
Take them with your loving Dutchess,
Oh, you Dutchiest of men ! ”

Loudly laughed the Burgomaster,
"Naught I care for Dorking fowls;
Naught for pig, unless 't is roasted,
And on that my doctor scowls.

"Frumpy, stumpy little Dutchess,
I do not incline to wed.
Keep your pigs and keep your poultry!
I will take your gold instead.



"I will take your shining florins,
I will take your fields' rich hoard;
You may go and tend your piggies
Till your spirits be restored."

Loudly wept the little Dutchess,
Tending sad each China pig;
Loudly laughed the Burgomaster
'Neath his merry periwig.

Till the Dutchy people, angry
Conduct such as this to see,
Took and plumped the pouter-pigeon
Right into the Zuyder Zee.



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